GOD'S CALL TO AMERICA

GEORGE W. TRUETT

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GOD'S CALL TO AMERICA

GEORGE W. TRUETT, D.D.

GOD'S CALL TO AMERICA

And Other Addresses
Comprising Special Orations Delivered
on Widely Varying Occasions

BY

GEORGE W. TRUETT, D.D.
PASTOR, FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, DALLAS, TEXAS

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OF THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

Compiled and Edited by
J. B. CRANFILL, M.D., LL.D.

GOD'S CALL TO AMERICA. II

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FOREWORD

It will be a source of joy to many hearts that we are able to present to the public this volume of the addresses of Dr. George W. Truett, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Dallas. The first volume—"We Would See Jesus"—was a book of sermons which were delivered in his own pulpit. The second, entitled "A Quest for Souls," was a stenographic report of an evangelistic meeting held in the city of Fort Worth, Texas. The present volume, "God's Call to America," is slightly different from either of the other two in this, that it not only contains some of the most notable discourses of Dr. Truett, but they are almost entirely in the nature of public addresses rather than of sermons.

It is proper to say that these addresses were stenographically reported and appear almost verbatim as they fell from the speaker's lips. Only the slightest changes have been made, the fact being that if any of this work had needed to be re-written, the publication of this volume would have been impossible. Dr. Truett is now in the flood-tide of a stressfully busy life and could not have found the time for any technical revision of these addresses.

For my own part, I believe that from this fact the work gains in value. Dr. Truett's addresses as de-

livered are more vital than any written words of his could possibly be.

The one who delivered these addresses and the one who writes these words join in the prayer that they will bless and hearten many a life.

J. B. CRANFILL.

Dallas, Texas.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
FOREWORD		v
I	GOD'S CALL TO AMERICA	11
II	BAPTISTS AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY	28
III	THE LIFE AND WORK OF B. H. CARROLL	68
IV	R. C. BUCKNER, FRIEND OF GOD AND OF ORPHAN CHILDREN	81
V	DR. J. B. GAMBRELL, THE GREAT SOUTHERN BAPTIST COMMONER	92
VI	THE LEAF AND THE LIFE	110
VII	WHY SAVE HUMAN LIFE?	140
VIII	THE PASSING OF THE LEGALISED LIQUOR TRAFFIC	152
IX	THE BAYLOR HOME-COMING	172
X	BAYLOR'S DIAMOND JUBILEE	191

GOD'S CALL TO AMERICA

GOD'S CALL TO AMERICA

I

GOD'S CALL TO AMERICA[1]

Brother President and Fellow Baptists: My first word is a word of gratitude that God's mercies have been so richly over this Alliance for this week, from its opening session till its closing hour; a word of gratitude to this good city, the "City of Brotherly Love;" a word of profoundest gratitude for these men who have come from every nation beyond the doors of this, to hearten us and inspire us as we have never been heartened and inspired before. We can now well understand why Mr. Lloyd George said that our noble president, Dr. Clifford, has a conscience without a crack in it. And as we have looked on the face of Dr. Meyer and heard him, he made us think of Jesus. And as we have seen and heard this sagacious statesman of a secretary for Europe, Dr. Shakespeare, our hearts have burned within us with an inexpressible thrill. And as we have seen our suffering brethren

[1] The closing address of the Baptist World Alliance, Philadelphia, Sunday evening, June 25, 1911.

from the lands afar, we have resolved as never before, for the rest of the journey earthly, to give our best to our Saviour and King. These men who are so sorely suffering now will not fail; they will remember their valiant fathers, and by such memory they will be inspired to bravest and unfainting endeavour. Our fathers held the bridge of truth against overwhelming odds; these suffering brothers from the other lands stand in this Thermopylæ of the ages, and just as their fathers threw themselves into the breach and saved Zion, so shall these men in the lands afar.

My task to-night is the task of carrying coals to Newcastle. We have had a most strenuous week, and every phase of Baptist polity and doctrine and method seems to have passed in review before us. This week may well be likened to a great council of war where God's men have surveyed the battle-field and have taken cognisance of their forces. The issue is the conquest of the world for the Saviour, and we have seen and felt as never before that the victory is as certain as the promises of God.

But what of America in this great programme? The eyes of all the world are on America. Emerson said that America seems to have been the last effort of Divine Providence in behalf of the race. The Hon. Mr. Bryce, the Honourable Ambassador for Great Britain, said that America is attempting the largest experiment in self-government in the history of the world. And the noble Spurgeon said to one of our American brethren a little before his departure, "Go back to your country and tell your men that the hopes

of the world are centred in your country—the free Church in the free State—and do your best."

America is threatened to-day by manifold perils. Optimism is a very stupid and hurtful sort of thing if it fails to face the facts. Hope should never be blind. That man who will put his ear down and listen with a little care shall hear the rumblings of subterranean forces that hiss under the thin crust of our civilisation. Certain perils menace this great America. I may hastily sketch some of them. We are menaced for one thing by our vast and fast-growing cities. The challenge for our civilisation and the test of our Christianity are these same cities. As go the cities, so shall go the states and the nation, and if the churches are instrumentally to save America they are confronting the task of saving these cities. The populations of our country are rapidly hurrying to the cities. In 1800 only three per cent of the people were in the cities of America. Now something like forty per cent are in the cities, and in another short generation, at the present ratio, one may easily calculate the myriads of people who shall live in the cities. In the cities, all the extremes of life meet; in the cities all the tastes of civilisation converge. There is Dives in the city, with his flaunting and ostentatious and ofttimes wicked wealth, and there is Lazarus hard by him, rotting in the slums. There are the best and the worst that meet in the city. In the city is the scurvy politician, that gentleman that Jotham tells about in his parable, who said to all the trees of the field, "Come, all of you, and put your trust in my shadow;" and in many of our

cities the trees of the field are putting their trust under the shadow of the bramble which neither bears fruit nor gives shade.

In the cities is massed the amazing saloon power, the intolerable curse of American civilisation—that syndicated power that menaces everything in American life, that leech that is sucking the blood from the veins of our Republic, that standing anachronism of our modern civilisation, that chronic criminal of our modern civilisation. We must reckon with that incomparably evil force. And allied with that force are the scurvy politician and the gambler and everything and every person that worketh and maketh a lie.

In the city we often have to an awful degree an unworthy secular press. Not by a very great deal is all the press unworthy, thank God, but in the city we face the problem of a press to a remarkable degree without serious moral purpose and without lofty patriotism. I do not know any more timely word that America needs to-day than that ringing note of Paul to the Galatians, in which he sounded out the declaration of the independence of the human soul. In that ringing note Paul said, "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not your liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another." America is suffering in many ways and places from an overdose of misused liberty; and one form of her most poignant sufferings comes from a perverted press. To be sure, we would not have a muzzled press, but a free press, an untrammelled press, a press not censored by some Sultan, nor scissored by some Czar; and yet, the

press in many instances in this great land of ours has used its liberty for an occasion to the flesh. It goes through the sewers and cesspools for matter with which to fill its columns. It opens ulcers and leprosies before our boys and girls that they ought never to see. It exploits the doings of rich fools and harlots and suicides whose names ought never to be mentioned. It plunges its beak into the putrescent carcasses of vice and crime and parades it all before a gaping world. O ye men of the press, ye are called unto liberty, only use not your liberty for an occasion to the flesh!

We are confronting the problem in this country of immigration, one of the most menacing problems that confronts this continent—a problem colossal both because of its magnitude and because of its quality. The immigrant of to-day is often very different from the immigrant who came here in the long ago. In the long ago, God seemed to sift all Europe to get a composite and universal people for working out here on this continent a civilisation that should point the upward way for the world. The Puritans came from old England—men who felt the fires of Smithfield; the Huguenots came from France, men who had heard from their fathers the story of St. Bartholomew's Day; the Covenanters, certain and glorious, came from their conventicles throughout the hills of Scotland.

All Europe seems to have been sifted in that early day by the Almighty, that He might get wheat here to plant to bring on a harvest that should point the way for the healing of the nations. Since Abraham

went out from his own land to a land that he knew not of, there has never been such a migration as that which came to America in those early days, for the creating and the shaping of a nation for the betterment of the whole world.

We are confronted, my brothers, with a different problem now. Thank God, the nations of the world are yet sending us many of their noblest sons and daughters, and yet along with that number comes a vast alien force which shall put a strain upon American institutions that shall try our national life to its deepest depths.

"Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them there comes a wild, motley throng;
Men from the Volga and the Tartar Steppes;
Featureless figures from the Hoang-Ho;
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Celt and Slav,
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn.
These, bringing with them unknown rites and laws;
Those, tiger passions here to stretch their claws.
In street and alley, what strange voices loud,
Accents of menace, alien to our air,
Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew;
Oh, Liberty, white goddess, is it thus well
To leave the gates unguarded?"

Fifty nationalities or more fill up the larger cities of this American continent, the alien populations of the world, with their strange customs and beliefs and ideals and standards—these all are putting a strain on American life that shall try us to the last desperate degree.

And another peril that menaces our American life is our vast aggregation of wealth. Not in all the history of humanity have there before been seen such aggregations of wealth as may be seen in this American land. Such aggregations are both challenging and appalling. One of the most menacing dangers that any nation ever faced is the danger of accumulating wealth. Luxury enervates and deteriorates and destroys, and to-day one of the problems of all problems in our American life is whether we can endure the strain of this heaving, boiling sea of vast accumulations, and endure that virus in American blood which cries out to get rich quickly, and to get more and still more of material treasure. That passion for money is this hour, to a terrible degree, dictating terms to society and seaming our highest patriotism, while stifling intellectuality. That nation, that civilisation, has a dismal future before it if it shall put money before men. One of the chief dangers of American life is that same menacing danger.

Then there are other evils on every side that march in rapid review before us. The home, in a thousand ways, is beleaguered and imperiled. And when the home goes down everything holy in our civilisation is tottering to its doom. In our great country, lawlessness to a fearful degree stalks like a pestilence through the land. In our great country the awful gulf between labour and capital remains unclosed. In our great country divorce mills continue to grind out their disgraceful results. In our great country the craze for amusement threatens the destruction of things serious,

and threatens the destruction of the sense of sin and the sense of reverence. In our great country irreverence grins in the face of God. In our great country the social world is filled with frivolities and vanities, and the business world crowded with dishonesties, and the political world saturated with graft, and the religious world mocked by formalism that is enough to bring Christ's people to their knees. Oh, this is no time, my brothers, for that negative, complacent, soft-going optimism which says soothingly, "All is well." But what have I said this for? To chant a dirge? No, no. To sound out a jeremiad? No. But to beat a charge.

Great tasks create and challenge a great people, and the task that is before the American people is a task to call out the noblest activity, and in doing it to build the loftiest possible character. Paul said a great and effectual door was set before him, and added, "and"—not but—"and there are many adversaries." The same glorious gospel with which the early Christians overcame the rotting Roman Empire in one generation is our gospel yet; and the same almighty and living Saviour that panoplied the early Christians for their work stands just as ready to panoply us for ours.

What are our resources? It will cheer us to look for a moment at the numbers that our Baptist people in America have. Some four million white Baptists, north and south, belonging to these two separate Conventions, several thousand noble Baptists yonder in Mexico where that upheaval is working an evolution toward democracy that shall make for the noblest results for Baptists; several thousand Baptists in Latin

America; and yonder in Canada, not a great army in numbers but never a more heroic and devoted army rallied about Christ's flag than our Baptists of Canada. Nor is that all, nor is that the least of our resources. More than two million Baptists in black, who have one spirit and one aim and one consecration and one purpose, go forth as the flying evangels of Christ to make known His gospel to all the world. You brethren from afar, from the many countries throughout the whole world, when you go back to your peoples, tell them that the white Baptists of America count as one of their chiefest and most glorious assets in winning America and the world to Christ our great army of brothers in black who are side by side with us. I do not stop to discuss our institutions, our colleges, our seminaries, our papers, our hospitals and orphanages, and the manifold institutions that are springing up all over this vast continent. What a great force we have to deploy over the whole world field!

And in addition to that, the currents are now in this country beginning to run our way even more and more, and they are running our way more and more, for that matter, in all the lands afar. This is democracy's hour. This is the hour when Demos is in the saddle; this is the hour when the average man has been given and is being given his dignity; this is the hour when the family of Mr. Nobody is rapidly becoming the family of Mr. Somebody; and the triumph of democracy, thank God, means the triumph of Baptists everywhere.

Nor is that all. We have a distinctive mission and

message to the world. That denomination that does not have its separate mission and message, which cannot be given up, is guilty of criminal sin against God and man. Certain age-long contentions for which we have stood cannot be given up, and in that very fact—the distinctiveness and imperativeness of our mission and message—we find the marvellous challenge to our best. There is untold power in him who knows a thing is of God's own willing, and the Baptists have a sense of their mission and message which they cannot give up; and in that fact they have a marvellous challenge and opportunity for the expression of their noblest life. Absolute loyalty to the person and authority of Jesus Christ; personality in religion, and therefore no proxies, nor sponsors, nor deputies in the Kingdom of God; the right and the duty of private judgment; the church of Christ a spiritual institution, and therefore the inexorable necessity of regenerate membership. And in such regenerate membership and in such spirituality of church organisation there is a deathblow to infant baptism, and to hierarchies, and to government of churches by the State. Certain age-long contentions we cannot yield, and in the very distinctiveness of our mission and message we have one of the world's most inspiring opportunities.

We hail with gladness every trend toward the union of God's people; and happily our Baptist people are in a glorious position to make a suggestion to all our religious brothers of all other communions. That suggestion is, "Brethren, we must come back to the source of religious unity and authority, with which the early

fathers went forth to their warfare, and that source of religious authority and unity is the authority of Jesus Christ as voiced in His word." No other formula do we ask, no other ecclesiastical canon will we adopt, but we come back to the Word of God, the authority of Jesus therein voiced, and we call men everywhere to come with us for union and authority, even to His Book.

Thrilling was that scene in 1870, when in the Vatican the dogma of papal infallibility was passed. In the awful excitement and clamour of that hour, Archbishop Manning, later Cardinal Manning, sought to quell the tremendous agitation of his fellow ecclesiastics. When he got their attention, holding in his hand the paper pronouncing papal infallibility to be the doctrine of Romanists—holding that dogma in his hands—he said, "Let all the world go to bits and we Catholics will reconstruct it on this paper." What has the Baptist to say when he hears that? Taking up a little book and holding it aloft, his word to the world is, "Let all the world go to bits and we will reconstruct it on the authority of Jesus Christ as voiced in this New Testament." Some things in this world are unchangeably true and others are just as unchangeably false, and never did truth win her battles on any land or in the midst of any people by compromising the truth. Oh, brothers, beyond all else for which we long, do we long for the union of God's people; but we want no omnibus compromise; we want no sham union or unity; we want union and unity alone on the authority of the Son of God.

And we Baptists come back to the Word of God as the absolute and ultimate authority for the people of God. "God seeketh such to worship Him as worship Him in spirit and in truth." Let us put that latter part in too—"in truth." If a man shall come saying, "I get my revelations by an inner consciousness and that alone," I will tell him, "You are on a par with the men in the old days of the Judges when the Scriptures declare of them, 'Every man did that which was right in his own eyes.'" My brothers, we shall come back to the authority of Jesus Christ as voiced in His Word, and with that authority we will go forth to the warfare into which we are called by Him.

What is the task of America? The task of America is that she herself become thoroughly and truly Christian. Brethren, this mighty America can command the conversion of the world on one condition only, and that is that she be Christian through and through, and that is the pre-eminent call of this hour to America. Little shall it matter that our missionaries stagger down to premature graves in India and China and Japan and the Islands of the Sea, if the nominally Christian lands are to remain nominally Christian. Oh, my brothers, the one call loud and clear to the nominally Christian nations of the earth, America and Britain, first is that these great Anglo-Saxon peoples shall be thoroughly Christian and shall preach Christ's glorious gospel, not simply through a few missionaries on the foreign field, but in every phase and fibre of their national life at home.

The globe trotter and the trader have done the

Christian religion immeasurable harm. They have misrepresented us before every mission field on the face of the earth. America is to be Christian in her commerce, and in her politics, and in her art, and in her education, and in her literature, and in every phase and fibre of her social order. And until that shall come to pass, the nations shall go on in spiritual darkness and out into eternity without the knowledge of God.

We must remember that no longer are there any hermit nations, no national secrets are there any more; the world is a whispering gallery now. The nations have been brought into one great neighbourhood. The seas have dwindled into little brooks and nothing anywhere can now be done in a corner. America is being bombarded with questions from every heathen land beneath the stars. Those questions go to the very heart of our life. We are being asked, "Why do you have plague spots in your cities?" We are being asked, "Why are you deaf to the cry of two and a half million children that work in your factories?" We are being asked, "Why is there such evidence of greed in business and such debauching graft in politics?" We are being asked from every land under the stars, "Are you yourselves Christians?" And we shall be more and more under the bombardment of those searching questions. The only thing that can save America and through her a large part of the world is that America shall be Christian through and through, and first of all the people of God.

The prophet saw the day when the very horses should have on their bells the inscription of "Holiness

to the Lord," and when the pans and pots in the kitchen should be marked with holiness as well as the vessels in the Temple of God. That day must be ours when commerce and literature and politics and the entire social order shall be massed into one living, consecrated impact of power, on fire for Christ, and then every pagan superstition will tremble before it in a time incredibly brief.

The present call to America then is, perhaps now as never before, a mighty call to give the gospel to all classes of peoples. Is it a sufficient remedy? It has solved the question of the cities wherever it has been given a fair trial; it has solved the question of immigration from the time the immigrant has come to this land until to-day. It will solve the question of the dreadful gulf between labour and capital, for men will never be brothers indeed until they are brothers through the saving grace of God. It will solve the questions in every relation and position of life, from the man on the boulevard, hardest of all to reach, because he is so barricaded by pride and wealth and liveried servants, to the man on the Bowery, hearing Jerry McCauley tell of Christ's power to save.

The hour seems ripe for the noblest religious campaign for the saving of men that the nations ever saw. God is not only the God of grace, but the God of Providence, and He is pointing the way now as never before for the noblest effort the world has known to win souls to Christ Jesus. We must do that to accredit our churches. Cold-blooded and unbelieving men will continue to shoot out their lips with scorn, until we

have those crowning credentials of Christ as sent back in His statement to John. We must do that to save the churches themselves. Oh, I would plead with unceasing faithfulness for orthodoxy in our churches, to be sure; and yet there is such a thing as dead, dry orthodoxy out of which has gone the heart-beat and the passion for a lost world. The land-mark that most of all needs resetting in our American churches is the predominant passion to save lost souls, and any church out of which has gone that passion is already going on the rocks. And any church out of which has gone that passion is but a grinning, ghastly skeleton of a church; and any preacher out of whose preaching has gone that passion is no longer an evangelical preacher, preach whatever he may and however eloquently he will. The only thing that can save our churches is a living orthodoxy. The only thing that can save America and Britain and all the world is a living passion worthily voiced by the lips and lives of God's people to bring a lost world to Him. That is the call now to America!

O my fellow workers, the hour is ripe for the best thing that America ever did for herself and for all the nations afar, and that is, in an earnestness, passionate with the throbs of the Cross, to go out to win this land and all other lands to the feet of Christ Jesus the Lord. And that great consummation is surely coming. We have seen in this Alliance the vision of that all-glorious day. Jesus is marching towards high-noon in His conquests of the world. He will yet be King in Washington City, and in London,

and in Berlin, and in Paris, and in St. Petersburg, and throughout all the earth. This hour He is marching to His coronation as King in all the wide world. "He must reign until He hath put all enemies under His feet."

Many are the stories they tell of that world-famed queen, Victoria, but this one has appealed to me as none other that I ever heard concerning her. One day as she listened to the chaplain preach a sermon on the significance of the coming again of Jesus to the world, those near the royal box noticed the noble Queen as she shook with emotion, as her lips quivered and as her eyes were suffused with tears. When the service was ended she asked to see the chaplain alone, and when he was ushered into her presence and beheld her great emotion, he asked her its occasion, and she said, "Oh, sir, what you said about the coming again of the world's rightful King." And he said, "Why are you so moved?" And she said, "I could wish to be here when He comes." He said, "And why do you wish to be here when He comes?" And with emotion indescribable and sublimely glorious she said, "That I might lay this crown at His blessed feet!"

Brothers and sisters in this Alliance from America, from Europe, from Asia, from the land of Ham, from the Islands of the Sea, out of every nation under heaven, shall we not to-night in this matchless presence dedicate our all to bring about that unspeakably glorious consummation when the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdom of our God and

of His Christ? And then after a little while, the enrapturing word shall be passed along the line that He reigns in America, and in Britain's vast domains, and in the mighty dominions of the Czar and the Emperor and the Sultan, and in all lands, and among all peoples. And all dominions, and all republics, and all governments, and all peoples, shall be lost in that one kingdom of Him who is the world's blessed and only Potentate—Him whose it is here and forever to be King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Even so come, Lord Jesus!

II

BAPTISTS AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY[1]

"This address was arranged for weeks before the Southern Baptist Convention met in Washington. Washington City Baptists are directly responsible for it. The speaker, Dr. George W. Truett, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Dallas, Texas, was chosen by a representative group of Baptists to deliver the address. It was delivered to a vast audience of from ten to fifteen thousand people from the east steps of the National Capitol, at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, May 16, 1920. It was not a Convention session, though the Convention was largely represented in the audience by its members.

"Since Paul spoke before Nero, no Baptist speaker ever pleaded the cause of truth in surroundings so dignified, impressive and inspiring. The shadow of

[1] Address delivered from the steps of the Capitol at Washington, D. C., on the occasion of the meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention, May, 1920.

After the delivery of this historic address it was published in pamphlet form by the Sunday School Board, carrying a "Foreword" by Dr. J. B. Gambrell, President of the Southern Baptist Convention. In the introduction Dr. Gambrell spoke as the official leader among Southern Baptists. In view of this fact, and of the further fact that J. B. Gambrell was himself a statesman, a profound thinker and a world figure, it is deemed fitting to give his introductory words in connection with the wider publication of this immortal deliverance.—*The Editor.*

the Capitol of the greatest and freest nation on earth, largely made so by the infiltration of Baptist ideas through the masses, fell on the vast assembly, composed of Cabinet members, Senators and members of the Lower House, Foreign Ambassadors, intellectuals in all callings, with peoples of every religious order and of all classes.

"The subject was fit for the place, the occasion, and the assembly. The speaker had prepared his message. In a voice clear and far-reaching he carried his audience through the very heart of his theme. History was invoked, but far more, history was explained by the inner guiding principles of a people who stand to-day, as they have always stood, for full and equal religious liberty for all people.

"There was no trimming, no froth, no halting, and not one arrogant or offensive tone or word. It was a bold, fair, thorough-going setting out of the history and life principles of the people called Baptists. And then logically and becomingly the speaker brought his Baptist brethren to look forward and take up the burdens of liberty and fulfil its high moral obligations, declaring that defaulters in the moral realm court death.

"His address advances the battle line for the denomination. It is a noble piece of work, worthy the wide circulation it is sure to receive. Intelligent Baptists should pass it on.

"A serious word was said in that august presence concerning national obligations as they arise out of a civilisation animated and guided by Christian senti-

ments and principles. As a nation we cannot walk the ways of selfishness without walking downhill.

"I commend this address as the most significant and momentous of our day.

"J. B. GAMBRELL,
"President Southern Baptist Convention."

Southern Baptists count it a high privilege to hold their Annual Convention this year in the national capital, and they count it one of life's highest privileges to be citizens of our one great, united country.

"Grand in her rivers and her rills,
Grand in her woods and templed hills;
Grand in the wealth that glory yields,
Illustrious dead, historic fields;
Grand in her past, her present grand,
In sunlit skies, in fruitful land;
Grand in her strength on land and sea,
Grand in religious liberty."

It behooves us often to look backward as well as forward. We should be stronger and braver if we thought oftener of the epic days and deeds of our beloved and immortal dead. The occasional backward look would give us poise and patience and courage and fearlessness and faith. The ancient Hebrew teachers and leaders had a genius for looking backward to the days and deeds of their mighty dead. They never wearied of chanting the praises of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, of Moses and Joshua and Samuel; and

thus did they bring to bear upon the living the inspiring memories of the noble actors and deeds of bygone days. Often such a cry as this rang in their ears: "Look unto the rock whence ye were hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye were digged. Look unto Abraham, your father, and unto Sarah that bare you; for when he was but one I called him, and I blessed him, and made him many."

THE DOCTRINE OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

We shall do well, both as citizens and as Christians, if we will hark back to the chief actors and lessons in the early and epoch-making struggles of this great Western democracy, for the full establishment of civil and religious liberty—back to the days of Washington and Jefferson and Madison, and back to the days of our Baptist fathers, who have paid such a great price, through the long generations, that liberty, both religious and civil, might have free course and be glorified everywhere.

Years ago, at a notable dinner in London, that world-famed statesman, John Bright, asked an American statesman, himself a Baptist, the noble Dr. J. L. M. Curry, "What distinct contribution has your America made to the science of government?" To that question Dr. Curry replied: "The doctrine of religious liberty." After a moment's reflection, Mr. Bright made the worthy reply: "It was a tremendous contribution."

SUPREME CONTRIBUTION OF NEW WORLD

Indeed, the supreme contribution of the new world to the old is the contribution of religious liberty. This is the chiefest contribution that America has thus far made to civilisation. And historic justice compels me to say that it was pre-eminently a Baptist contribution. The impartial historian, whether in the past, present or future, will ever agree with our American historian, Mr. Bancroft, when he says: "Freedom of conscience, unlimited freedom of mind, was from the first the trophy of the Baptists." And such historian will concur with the noble John Locke who said: "The Baptists were the first propounders of absolute liberty, just and true liberty, equal and impartial liberty." Ringing testimonies like these might be multiplied indefinitely.

NOT TOLERATION, BUT RIGHT

Baptists have one consistent record concerning liberty throughout all their long and eventful history. They have never been a party to oppression of conscience. They have forever been the unwavering champions of liberty, both religious and civil. Their contention now is, and has been, and, please God, must ever be, that it is the natural and fundamental and indefeasible right of every human being to worship God or not, according to the dictates of his conscience, and, as long as he does not infringe upon the rights of others, he is to be held accountable alone to God for all religious beliefs and practices. Our contention is

not for mere toleration, but for absolute liberty. There is a wide difference between toleration and liberty. Toleration implies that somebody falsely claims the right to tolerate. Toleration is a concession, while liberty is a right. Toleration is a matter of expediency, while liberty is a matter of principle. Toleration is a gift from man, while liberty is a gift from God. It is the consistent and insistent contention of our Baptist people, always and everywhere, that religion must be forever voluntary and uncoerced, and that it is not the prerogative of any power, whether civil or ecclesiastical, to compel men to conform to any religious creed or form of worship, or to pay taxes for the support of a religious organisation to which they do not belong and in whose creed they do not believe. God wants free worshippers and no other kind.

What is the explanation of this consistent and notably praiseworthy record of our plain Baptist people in the realm of religious liberty? The answer is at hand. It is not because Baptists are inherently better than their neighbours—we would make no such arrogant claim. Happy are our Baptist people to live side by side with their neighbours of other Christian communions, and to have glorious Christian fellowship with such neighbours, and to honour such servants of God for their inspiring lives and their noble deeds. From our deepest hearts we pray: "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." The spiritual union of all true believers in Christ is now and ever will be a blessed reality, and such union is deeper and

higher and more enduring than any and all forms and rituals and organisations. Whoever believes in Christ as his personal Saviour is our brother in the common salvation, whether he be a member of one communion or of another, or of no communion at all.

How is it, then, that Baptists, more than any other people in the world, have forever been the protagonists of religious liberty, and its compatriot, civil liberty? They did not stumble upon this principle. Their uniform, unyielding and sacrificial advocacy of such principle was not and is not an accident. It is, in a word, because of our essential and fundamental principles. Ideas rule the world. A denomination is moulded by its ruling principles, just as a nation is thus moulded and just as individual life is thus moulded. Our fundamental essential principles have made our Baptist people, of all ages and countries, to be the unyielding protagonists of religious liberty, not only for themselves, but as well for everybody else.

Such fact at once provokes the inquiry: What are these fundamental Baptist principles which compel Baptists in Europe, in America, in some far-off seagirt island, to be forever contending for unrestricted religious liberty? First of all, and explaining all the rest, is the doctrine of the absolute Lordship of Jesus Christ. That doctrine is for Baptists the dominant fact in all their Christian experience, the nerve centre of all their Christian life, the bedrock of all their church polity, the sheet anchor of all their hopes, the climax and crown of all their rejoicings. They say with Paul: "For to this end Christ both died and rose

again, that he might be Lord both of the dead and the living."

From that germinal conception of the absolute Lordship of Christ, all our Baptist principles emerge. Just as yonder oak came from the acorn, so our many-branched Baptist life came from the cardinal principle of the absolute Lordship of Christ. The Christianity of our Baptist people, from Alpha to Omega, lives and moves and has its whole being in the realm of the doctrine of the Lordship of Christ. "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." Christ is the one head of the church. All authority has been committed unto Him, in heaven and on earth, and He must be given the absolute pre-eminence in all things. One clear note is ever to be sounded concerning Him, even this, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

THE BIBLE OUR RULE OF FAITH AND PRACTICE

How shall we find our Christ's will for us? He has revealed it in His Holy Word. The Bible and the Bible alone is the rule of faith and practice for Baptists. To them the one standard by which all creeds and conduct and character must be tried is the Word of God. They ask only one question concerning all religious faith and practice, and that question is, "What saith the Word of God?" Not traditions, nor customs, nor councils, nor confessions, nor ecclesiastical formularies, however venerable and pretentious, guide Baptists, but simply and solely the will of Christ as they find it revealed in the New Testament. The im-

mortal B. H. Carroll has thus stated it for us: "The New Testament is the law of Christianity. All the New Testament is the law of Christianity. The New Testament is all the law of Christianity. The New Testament always will be all the law of Christianity."

Baptists hold that this law of Christianity, the Word of God, is the unchangeable and only law of Christ's reign, and that whatever is not found in the law cannot be bound on the consciences of men, and that this law is a sacred deposit, an inviolable trust, which Christ's friends are commissioned to guard and perpetuate wherever it may lead and whatever may be the cost of such trusteeship.

EXACT OPPOSITE OF CATHOLICISM

The Baptist message and the Roman Catholic message are the very antipodes of each other. The Roman Catholic message is sacerdotal, sacramentarian and ecclesiastical. In its scheme of salvation it magnifies the church, the priest and the sacraments. The Baptist message is non-sacerdotal, non-sacramentarian and non-ecclesiastical. Its teaching is that the one High Priest for sinful humanity has entered into the holy place for all, that the veil is forever rent in twain, that the mercy seat is uncovered and open to all, and that the humblest soul in all the world, if only he be penitent, may enter with all boldness and cast himself upon God. The Catholic doctrine of baptismal regeneration and transubstantiation are to the Baptist mind

fundamentally subversive of the spiritual realities of the gospel of Christ. Likewise, the Catholic conception of the church, thrusting all its complex and cumbrous machinery between the soul and God, prescribing beliefs, claiming to exercise the power of the keys, and to control the channels of grace—all such lording it over the consciences of men is to the Baptist mind a ghastly tyranny in the realm of the soul and tends to frustrate the grace of God, to destroy freedom of conscience and terribly to hinder the coming of the Kingdom of God.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY OR THE NEW TESTAMENT

That was a memorable hour in the Vatican Council, in 1870, when the dogma of papal infallibility was passed by a majority vote. It is not to be wondered at that the excitement was intense during the discussion of such dogma, and especially when the final vote was announced. You recall that in the midst of all the tenseness and tumult of that excited assemblage, Cardinal Manning stood on an elevated platform, and in the midst of that assemblage, and holding in his hand the paper just passed, declaring for the infallibility of the Pope, said: "Let all the world go to bits and we will reconstruct it on this paper." A Baptist smiles at such an announcement as that, but not in derision and scorn. Although the Baptist is the very antithesis of his Catholic neighbour in religious conceptions and contentions, yet the Baptist will whole-heartedly con-

tend that his Catholic neighbour shall have his candles and incense and sanctus bell and rosary, and whatever else he wishes in the expression of his worship. A Baptist would rise at midnight to plead for absolute religious liberty for his Catholic neighbour, and for his Jewish neighbour, and for everybody else. But what is the answer of a Baptist to the contention made by the Catholic for papal infallibility? Holding aloft a little book, the name of which is the New Testament, and without any hesitation or doubt, the Baptist shouts his battle cry: "Let all the world go to bits and we will reconstruct it on the New Testament."

DIRECT INDIVIDUAL APPROACH TO GOD

When we turn to this New Testament, which is Christ's guidebook and law for His people, we find that supreme emphasis is everywhere put upon the individual. The individual is segregated from family, from church, from state and from society, from dearest earthly friends or institution, and brought into direct, personal dealings with God. Every one must give account of himself to God. There can be no sponsors or deputies or proxies in such a vital matter. Each one must repent for himself, and believe for himself, and be baptised for himself, and answer to God for himself, both in time and in eternity. The clarion cry of John the Baptist is to the individual, "Think not to say within yourselves, we have Abraham to our father: For I say unto you that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham. And now

also the axe is laid upon the roots of the trees; therefore, every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." One man can no more repent and believe and obey Christ for another than he can take the other's place at God's judgment bar. Neither persons nor institutions, however dear and powerful, may dare to come between the individual soul and God. "There is one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." Let the state and the church, let the institution, however dear, and the person, however near, stand aside, and let the individual soul make its own direct and immediate response to God. One is our pontiff, and his name is Jesus. The undelegated sovereignty of Christ makes it forever impossible for His saving grace to be manipulated by any system of human mediation whatsoever.

The right to private judgment is the crown jewel of humanity, and for any person or institution to dare to come between the soul and God is a blasphemous impertinence and a defamation of the crown rights of the Son of God.

Out of these two fundamental principles, the supreme authority of the Scriptures and the right of private judgment have come all the historic protests in Europe and England and America against unscriptural creeds, polity and rites, and against the unwarranted and impertinent assumption of religious authority over men's consciences, whether by church or by state. Baptists regard as an enormity any attempt to force the conscience, or to constrain men, by outward penal-

ties, to this or that form of religious belief. Persecution may make men hypocrites, but it will not make them Christians.

INFANT BAPTISM UNTHINKABLE

It follows, inevitably, that Baptists are unalterably opposed to every form of sponsorial religion. If I have fellow Christians in this presence to-day who are the protagonists of infant baptism, they will allow me frankly to say, and certainly I would say it in the most fraternal, Christian spirit, that to Baptists infant baptism is unthinkable from every viewpoint. First of all, Baptists do not find the slightest sanction for infant baptism in the Word of God. That fact, to Baptists, makes infant baptism a most serious question for the consideration of the whole Christian world. Nor is that all. As Baptists see it, infant baptism tends to ritualise Christianity and reduce it to lifeless forms. It tends also and inevitably, as Baptists see it, to the secularising of the church and to the blurring and blotting out of the line of demarcation between the church and the unsaved world.

And since I have thus spoken with unreserved frankness, my honoured Pedobaptist friends in the audience will allow me to say that Baptists solemnly believe that infant baptism, with its implications, has flooded the world and floods it now, with untold evils.

They believe also that it perverts the Scriptural symbolism of baptism; that it attempts the impossible task of performing an act of religious obedience by

proxy, and that since it forestalls the individual initiative of the child, it carries within it the germ of persecution, and lays the predicate for the union of church and state, and that it is a Romish tradition and a corner stone for the whole system of popery throughout the world.

I will speak yet another frank word for my beloved Baptist people, to our cherished fellow Christians who are not Baptists, and that word is that our Baptist people believe that, if all the Protestant denominations would once for all put away infant baptism, and come to the full acceptance and faithful practice of New Testament baptism, the unity of all the non-Catholic Christians in the world would be consummated, and that there would not be left one Roman Catholic church on the face of the earth at the expiration of the comparatively short period of another century.

Surely, in the face of these frank statements, our non-Baptist neighbours may apprehend something of the difficulties compelling Baptists when they are asked to enter into official alliances with those who hold such fundamentally different views from those just indicated. We call God to witness that our Baptist people have an unutterable longing for Christian union, and believe Christian union will come, but we are compelled to insist that if this union is to be real and effective, it must be based upon a better understanding of the Word of God and a more complete loyalty to the will of Christ as revealed in His Word.

THE ORDINANCES ARE SYMBOLS

Again, to Baptists, the New Testament teaches that salvation through Christ must precede membership in His church, and must precede the observance of the two ordinances in His church, namely, baptism and the Lord's Supper. These ordinances are for the saved and only for the saved. These two ordinances are not sacramental, but symbolic. They are teaching ordinances, portraying in symbol truths of immeasurable and everlasting moment to humanity. To trifle with these symbols, to pervert their forms and at the same time to pervert the truths they are designed to symbolise, is indeed a most serious matter. Without ceasing and without wavering, Baptists are, in conscience, compelled to contend that these two teaching ordinances shall be maintained in the churches just as they were placed there in the wisdom and authority of Christ. To change these two meaningful symbols is to change their Scriptural intent and content, and thus pervert them, and we solemnly believe, to be the carriers of the most deadly heresies. By our loyalty to Christ, which we hold to be the supreme test of our friendship for Him, we must unyieldingly contend for these two ordinances as they were originally given to Christ's churches.

To Baptists, the New Testament also clearly teaches that Christ's church is not only a spiritual body but it is also a pure democracy, all its members being equal, a local congregation, and cannot subject itself to any outside control. Such terms, therefore, as "The

American Church," or "The bishop of this city or state," sound strangely incongruous to Baptist ears. In the very nature of the case, also, there must be no union between church and state, because their nature and functions are utterly different. Jesus stated the principle in the two sayings, "My kingdom is not of this world," and "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Never, anywhere, in any clime, has a true Baptist been willing, for one minute, for the union of church and state, never for a moment.

Every state church on the earth is a spiritual tyranny. And just as long as there is left upon this earth any state church, in any land, the task of Baptists will that long remain unfinished. Their cry has been and is and must ever be this:

> "Let Cæsar's dues be paid
> To Cæsar and his throne;
> But consciences and souls were made
> To be the Lord's alone."

A FREE CHURCH IN A FREE STATE

That utterance of Jesus, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's," is one of the most revolutionary and history-making utterances that ever fell from those lips divine. That utterance, once for all, marked the divorcement of church and state. It marked a new era for the creeds and deeds of men. It was the sunrise gun of a new day, the echoes of which are to go on and

on and on until in every land, whether great or small, the doctrine shall have absolute supremacy everywhere of a free church in a free state.

In behalf of our Baptist people I am compelled to say that forgetfulness of the principles that I have just enumerated, in our judgment, explains many of the religious ills that now afflict the world. All went well with the early churches in their earlier days. They were incomparably triumphant days for the Christian faith. Those early disciples of Jesus, without prestige and worldly power, yet aflame with the love of God and the passion of Christ, went out and shook the pagan Roman Empire from centre to circumference, even in one brief generation. Christ's religion needs no prop of any kind from any worldly source, and to the degree that it is thus supported it has a millstone hanged about its neck.

AN INCOMPARABLE APOSTASY

Presently there came an incomparable apostasy in the realm of religion, which shrouded the world in spiritual night through long hundreds of years. Constantine, the Emperor, saw something in the religion of Christ's people which awakened his interest, and now we see him uniting religion to the state and marching up the marble steps of the Emperor's palace, with the church robed in purple. Thus and there was begun the most baneful misalliance that ever fettered and cursed a suffering world. For long centuries, even from Constantine to Pope Gregory VII, the conflict

between church and state waxed stronger and stronger, and the encroachments and usurpations became more deadly and devastating. When Christianity first found its way into the city of the Cæsars it lived in cellars and alleys, but when Constantine crowned the union of church and state, the church was stamped with the impress of the Roman idea and fanned with the spirit of the Cæsars. Soon we see a Pope emerging, who himself became a Cæsar, and soon a group of councillors may be seen gathered around this Pope, and the supreme power of the church is assumed by the Pope and his councillors.

The long blighting record of the mediæval ages is simply the working out of that idea. The Pope ere long assumed to be the monarch of the world, making the astounding claim that all kings and potentates were subject unto him. By and by when Pope Gregory VII, better known as Hildebrand, appears, his assumptions are still more astounding. In him the spirit of the Roman church became incarnate and triumphant. He lorded it over parliaments and council chambers, having statesmen to do his bidding, and creating and deposing kings at his will. For example, when the Emperor Henry offended Hildebrand, the latter pronounced against Henry a sentence not only of excommunication but of deposition as Emperor, releasing all Christians from allegiance to him. He made the Emperor do penance by standing in the snow with his bare feet at Canossa, and he wrote his famous letter to William the Conqueror to the effect that the state was subordinate to the church, that the power of the state

as compared to the church was as the moon compared to the sun.

This explains the famous saying of Bismarck when Chancellor of Germany, to the German Parliament: "We will never go to Canossa again." Whoever favours the authority of the church over the state favours the way to Canossa.

When, in the fulness of time, Columbus discovered America, the Pope calmly announced that he would divide the New World into two parts, giving one part to the King of Spain and the other to the King of Portugal. And not only did this great consolidated ecclesiasticism assume to lord it over men's earthly treasures, but they lorded it over men's minds, prescribing what men should think and read and write. Nor did such assumption stop with the things of this world, but it laid its hand on the next world, and claimed to have in its possession the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven and the kingdom of purgatory so that it could shut men out of heaven or lift them out of purgatory, thus surpassing in the sweep of its power and in the pride of its autocracy the boldest and most presumptuous ruler that ever sat on a civil throne.

ABSOLUTISM VS. INDIVIDUALISM

The student of history cannot fail to observe that through the long years two ideas have been in endless antagonism—the idea of absolutism and the idea of individualism, the idea of autocracy and the idea of democracy. The idea of autocracy is that supreme

power is vested in the few, who, in turn, delegate this power to the many. That was the dominant idea of the Roman Empire, and upon that idea the Cæsars built their throne. That idea has found world-wide impression in the realms both civil and ecclesiastical. Often have the two ideas, absolutism versus individualism, autocracy versus democracy, met in battle. Autocracy dared, in the morning of the twentieth century, to crawl out of its ugly lair and to propose to substitute the law of the jungles for the law of human brotherhood. For all time to come the hearts of men will stand aghast upon every thought of this incomparable death drama, and at the same time they will renew the vow that the few shall not presumptuously tyrannise over the many; that the law of human brotherhood and not the law of the jungle shall be given supremacy in all human affairs. And until the principle of democracy, rather than the principle of autocracy, shall be regnant in the realm of religion, our mission shall be commanding and unending.

THE REFORMATION INCOMPLETE

The coming of the sixteenth century was the dawning of a new hope for the world. With that century came the Protestant Reformation. Yonder goes Luther with his theses, which he nails over the old church door in Wittenberg, and the echoes of the mighty deed shake the Papacy, shake Europe, shake the whole world. Luther was joined by Melancthon and Calvin and Zwingli and other mighty leaders.

Just at this point emerges one of the most outstanding anomalies of all history. Although Luther and his compeers protested vigorously against the errors of Rome, yet when these mighty men came out of Rome, and mighty men they were, they brought with them some of the grievous errors of Rome. The Protestant Reformation of the Sixteenth century was sadly incomplete—it was a case of arrested development. Although Luther and his compeers grandly sounded out the battle cry of justification by faith alone, yet they retained the doctrine of infant baptism and a state church. They shrank from the logical conclusions of their own theses.

In Zurich there stands a statue in honour of Zwingli, in which he is represented with a Bible in one hand and a sword in the other. That statue was the symbol of the union between church and state. The same statue might have been reared to Luther and his fellow reformers. Luther and Melancthon fastened a state church upon Germany, and Zwingli fastened it upon Switzerland. Knox and his associates fastened it upon Scotland. Henry VIII bound it upon England, where it remains even till this very hour.

These mighty reformers turned out to be persecutors like the Papacy before them. Luther unloosed the dogs of persecution against the struggling and faithful Anabaptists. Calvin burned Servetus, and to such awful deed Melancthon gave his approval. Louis XIV revoked the Edict of Nantes, shut the doors of all the Protestant churches, and outlawed the Huguenots. Germany put to death that mighty Baptist leader,

Balthaser Hubmaier, while Holland killed her noblest statesman, John of Barneveldt, and condemned to life imprisonment her ablest historian, Hugo Grotius, for conscience' sake. In England, John Bunyan was kept in jail for twelve long, weary years because of his religion, and when we cross the mighty ocean separating the Old World and the New, we find the early pages of American history crimsoned with the stories of religious persecutions. The early colonies of America were the forum of the working out of the most epochal battles that earth ever knew for the triumph of religious and civil liberty.

AMERICA AND RELIGIOUS AND CIVIL LIBERTY

Just a brief glance at the struggle in those early colonies must now suffice us. Yonder in Massachusetts, Henry Dunster, the first president of Harvard, was removed from the presidency because he objected to infant baptism. Roger Williams was banished, John Clarke was put in prison, and they publicly whipped Obadiah Holmes on Boston Common. In Connecticut the lands of our Baptist fathers were confiscated and their goods sold to build a meeting house and support a preacher of another denomination. In old Virginia, "mother of states and statesmen," the battle for religious and civil liberty was waged all over her nobly historic territory, and the final triumph recorded there was such as to write imperishable glory upon the name of Virginia until the last syllable of recorded time. Fines and imprisonments and perse-

cutions were everywhere in evidence in Virginia for conscience' sake. If you would see a record incomparably interesting, go read the early statutes in Virginia concerning the Established Church and religion, and trace the epic story of the history-making struggles of that early day. If the historic records are to be accredited, those clergymen of the Established Church in Virginia made terrible inroads in collecting fines in Baptist tobacco in that early day. It is quite evident, however, that they did not get all the tobacco.

On and on was the struggle waged by our Baptist fathers for religious liberty in Virginia, in the Carolinas, in Georgia, in Rhode Island and Massachusetts and Connecticut, and elsewhere, with one unyielding contention for unrestricted religious liberty for all men, and with never one wavering note. They dared to be odd, to stand alone, to refuse to conform, though it cost them suffering and even life itself. They dared to defy traditions and customs, and deliberately chose the day of non-conformity, even though in many a case it meant a cross. They pleaded and suffered, they offered their protests and remonstrances and memorials, and, thank God, mighty statesmen were won to their contention, Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Patrick Henry, and many others, until at last it was written into our country's Constitution that church and state must in this land be forever separate and free, that neither must ever trespass upon the distinctive functions of the other. It was pre-eminently a Baptist achievement.

Glad are our Baptist people to pay their grateful

tribute to their fellow Christians of other religious communions for all their sympathy and help in this sublime achievement. Candour compels me to repeat that much of the sympathy of other religious leaders in that early struggle was on the side of legalised ecclesiastical privilege. Much of the time were Baptists pitiably lonely in their age-long struggle. We would now and always make our most grateful acknowledgment to any and all who came to the side of our Baptist fathers, whether early or late, in this destiny-determining struggle. But I take it that every informed man on the subject, whatever his religious faith, will be willing to pay tribute to our Baptist people as being the chief instrumentality in God's hands in winning the battle in America for religious liberty. Do you recall Tennyson's little poem, in which he sets out the history of the seed of freedom? Catch its philosophy:

"Once in a golden hour,
I cast to earth a seed,
Up there came a flower,
The people said, a weed.

"To and fro they went,
Through my garden bower,
And muttering discontent,
Cursed me and my flower.

"Then it grew so tall,
It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall,
Stole the seed by night.

"Sowed it far and wide,
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried,
'Splendid is the flower.'

"Read my little fable:
He who runs may read,
Most can grow the flowers now,
For all have got the seed."

Very well, we are very happy for all our fellow religionists of every denomination and creed to have this splendid flower of religious liberty, but you will allow us to remind you that you got the seed in our Baptist garden. We are very happy for you to have it; now let us all make the best of it and the most of it.

THE PRESENT CALL

And now, my fellow Christians, and fellow citizens, what is the present call to us in connection with the priceless principle of religious liberty? That principle, with all the history and heritage accompanying it, imposes upon us obligations to the last degree meaningful and responsible. Let us to-day and forever be highly resolved that the principle of religious liberty shall, please God, be preserved inviolate through all our days and the days of those who come after us. Liberty has both its perils and its obligations. We are to see to it that our attitude toward liberty, both re-

ligious and civil, both as Christians and as citizens, is an attitude consistent and constructive and worthy. We are to "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." We are members of the two realms, the civil and the religious, and are faithfully to render unto each all that each should receive at our hands; we are to be alertly watchful, day and night, that liberty, both religious and civil, shall be nowhere prostituted and mistreated. Every perversion and misuse of liberty tends by that much to jeopardise both church and state.

There comes now the clarion call to us to be the right kind of citizens. Happily, the record of our Baptist people toward civil government has been a record of unfading honour. Their love and loyalty to country have not been put to shame in any land. In the long list of published Tories in connection with the Revolutionary War there was not one Baptist name.

LIBERTY NOT ABUSED

It behooves us now and ever to see to it that liberty is not abused. Well may we listen to the call of Paul, that mightiest Christian of the long centuries, as he says: "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another." This ringing declaration should be heard and heeded by every class and condition of people throughout all our wide-stretching nation.

It is the word to be heeded by religious teachers, and by editors, and by legislators, and by everybody else. Nowhere is liberty to be used "for an occasion to the flesh." We will take free speech and a free press, with all their excrescences and perils, because of the high meaning of freedom, but we are to set ourselves with all diligence not to use these great privileges in the shaming of liberty. A free press—how often does it pervert its high privilege! Again and again, it may be seen dragging itself through all the sewers of the social order, bringing to light the moral cancers and leprosies of our poor world and glaringly exhibiting them to the gaze even of responsive youth and childhood. The editor's task, whether in the realm of church or state, is an immeasurably responsible one. These editors, side by side with the moral and religious teachers of the country, are so to magnify the ballot box, a free press, free schools, the courts, the majesty of law and reverence for all properly accredited authority that our civilisation may not be built on the shifting sands, but on the secure and enduring foundations of righteousness.

Let us remember that lawlessness, wherever found and whatever its form, is as the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday. Let us remember that he who is willing for law to be violated is an offender against the majesty of law as really as he who actually violates law. The spirit of law is the spirit of civilisation. Liberty without law is anarchy. Liberty against law is rebellion. Liberty limited by law is the formula of civilisation.

HUMANE AND RIGHTEOUS LAWS

Challenging to the highest degree is the call that comes to legislators. They are to see to it continually, in all their legislative efforts, that their supreme concern is for the highest welfare of the people. Laws humane and righteous are to be fashioned and then to be faithfully regarded. Men are playing with fire if they lightly fashion their country's laws and then trifle in their obedience to such laws. Indeed, all citizens, the humblest and the most prominent alike, are called to give their best thought to the maintenance of righteousness everywhere. Much truth is there in the widely quoted saying: "Our country is afflicted with the bad citizenship of good men." The saying points its own clear lesson. "When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice, but when the wicked bear rule, the people mourn." The people, all the people, are inexorably responsible for the laws, the ideals, and the spirit that are necessary for the making of a great and enduring civilisation. Every man of us is to remember that it is righteousness that exalteth a nation, and that it is sin that reproaches and destroys a nation.

God does not raise up a nation to go selfishly strutting and forgetful of the high interests of humanity. National selfishness leads to destruction as truly as does individual selfishness. Nations can no more live to themselves than can individuals. Humanity is bound up together in the big bundle of life. The world is now one big neighbourhood. There are no longer any

hermit nations. National isolation is no longer possible in the earth. The markets of the world instantly register every commercial change. An earthquake in Asia is at once registered in Washington City. The people on one side of the world may not dare to be indifferent to the people on the other side. Every man of us is called to be a world citizen, and to think and act in world terms. The nation that insists upon asking that old murderous question of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" the question of the profiteer and the question of the slacker, is a nation marked for decay and doom and death. The parable of the good Samaritan is heaven's law for nations as well as for individuals. Some things are worth dying for, and if they are worth dying for they are worth living for. The poet was right when he sang:

"Though love repine and reason chafe,
There comes a voice without reply,
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

THINGS WORTH DYING FOR

When this nation went into the world war a little while ago, after her long and patient and fruitless effort to find another way of conserving righteousness, the note was sounded in every nook and corner of our country that some things in this world are worth dying for, and if they are worth dying for they are worth living for. What are some of the things worth

dying for? The sanctity of womanhood is worth dying for. The safety of childhood is worth dying for, and when Germany put to death that first helpless Belgian child she was marked for defeat and doom. The integrity of one's country is worth dying for. And, please God, the freedom and honour of the United States of America are worth dying for. If the great things of life are worth dying for, they are surely worth living for. Our great country may not dare to isolate herself from the rest of the world, and selfishly say: "We propose to live and to die to ourselves, leaving all the other nations with their weaknesses and burdens and sufferings to go their ways without our help." This nation cannot pursue any such policy and expect the favour of God. Myriads of voices, both from the living and the dead, summon us to a higher and better way. Happy am I to believe that God has His prophets not only in the pulpits of the churches but also in the school room, in the editor's chair, in the halls of legislation, in the marts of commerce, in the realms of literature. Tennyson was a prophet, when in "Locksley Hall," he sang:

"For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens filled with shouting, and there rained
a ghastly dew
From the nation's airy navies, grappling in the central
blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rush-
ing warm,
With the standards of the people plunging through the
thunder storm.

Till the war drums throbbed no longer, and the battle-
flags were furled,
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Tennyson believed in a league of nations, and well might he so believe, because God is on His righteous throne, and inflexible are His purposes touching righteousness and peace, for a weary, sinning, suffering, dying world. Standing here to-day on the steps of our Nation's capitol, hard by the chamber of the Senate of the United States, I dare to say as a citizen and as a Christian teacher, that the moral forces of the United States of America, without regard to political parties, will never rest until there is a worthy League of Nations. I dare to express also the unhesitating belief that the unquestioned majorities of both great political parties in this country regard the delay in the working out of a League of Nations as a national and world-wide tragedy.

The moral and religious forces of this country could not be supine and inactive as long as the saloon, the

chief rendezvous of small politicians, that chronic criminal and standing anachronism of our modern civilisation, was legally sponsored by the state. I can certify all the politicians of all the political parties that the legalised saloon has gone from American life, and gone to stay. Likewise, I can certify the men of all political parties, without any reference to partisan politics, that the same moral and religious forces of this country, because of the inexorable moral issues involved, cannot be silent and will not be silent until there is put forth a League of Nations that will strive with all its might to put an end to the diabolism and measureless horrors of war. I thank God that the stricken man yonder in the White House has pleaded long and is pleading yet that our nation will take her full part with the others for the bringing in of that blessed day when wars shall cease to the ends of the earth.

The recent World War calls to us with a voice surpassingly appealing and responsible. Surely Alfred Noyes voices the true desire for us:

"Make firm, O God, the peace our dead have won,
For folly shakes the tinsel on its head,
And points us back to darkness and to hell,
Cackling, 'Beware of visions,' while our dead
Still cry, 'It was for visions that we fell.'

"They never knew the secret game of power,
All that this earth can give they thrust aside,
They crowded all their youth into an hour,
And for fleeting dream of right, they died.

"Oh, if we fail them in that awful trust,
How should we bear those voices from the dust?"

THE RIGHT KIND OF CHRISTIANS

This noble doctrine and heritage of religious liberty calls to us imperiously to be the right kind of Christians. Let us never forget that a democracy, whether civil or religious, has not only its perils, but has also its unescapable obligations. A democracy calls for intelligence. The sure foundations of states must be laid, not in ignorance, but in knowledge. It is of the last importance that those who rule shall be properly trained. In a democracy, a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, the people are the rulers, and the people, all the people, are to be informed and trained.

My fellow Christians, we must hark back to our Christian schools, and see to it that these schools are put on worthy and enduring foundations. A democracy needs more than intelligence; it needs Christ. He is the light of the world, nor is there any other sufficient light for the world. He is the solution of the world's complex questions, the one adequate Helper for its dire needs, the one only sufficient Saviour for our sinning race. Our schools are afresh to take note of this supreme fact, and they are to be fundamentally and aggressively Christian. Wrong education brought on the recent World War. Such education will always lead to disaster.

Pungent were the recent words of Mr. Lloyd George:

"The most formidable foe that we had to fight in Germany was not the arsenals of Krupp, but the schools of Germany." The educational centre of the world will no longer be in the Old World, but because of the great War, such centre will henceforth be in this New World of America. We must build here institutions of learning that will be shot through and through with the principles and motives of Christ, the one Master over all mankind.

THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOL

The time has come when, as never before, our beloved denomination should worthily go out to its world task as a teaching denomination. That means that there should be a crusade throughout all our borders for the vitalising and strengthening of our Christian schools. The only complete education, in the nature of the case, is Christian education, because man is a tripartite being. By the very genius of our government, education by the state cannot be complete. Wisdom has fled from us if we fail to magnify, and magnify now, our Christian schools. These schools go to the foundation of all the life of the people. They are indispensable to the highest efficiency of the churches. Their inspirational influences are of untold value to the schools conducted by the state, to which schools also we must ever give our best support. It matters very much, do you not agree, who shall be the leaders, and what the standards in the affairs of civil government and in the realm of business life? One recalls

the pithy saying of Napoleon to Marshal Ney: "An army of deer led by a lion is better than an army of lions led by a deer." Our Christian schools are to train not only our religious leaders but hosts of our leaders in the civil and business realm as well.

The one transcending inspiring influence in civilisation is the Christian religion. By all means, let the teachers and trustees and student bodies of all our Christian schools remember this supremely important fact, that civilisation without Christianity is doomed. Let there be no pagan ideals in our Christian schools, and no hesitation or apology for the insistence that the one hope for the individual, the one hope for society, for civilisation, is in the Christian religion. If ever the drum beat of duty sounded clearly, it is calling to us now to strengthen and magnify our Christian schools.

THE TASK OF EVANGELISM

Preceding and accompanying the task of building our Christian schools, we must keep faithfully and practically in mind our primary task of evangelism, the work of winning souls from sin unto salvation, from Satan unto God. This work takes precedence of all other work in the Christian programme. Salvation for sinners is through Jesus Christ alone, nor is there any other name or way under heaven whereby they may be saved. Our churches, our schools, our religious papers, our hospitals, every organisation and agency of the churches should be kept aflame with the

passion of New Testament evangelism. Our cities and towns and villages and country places are to echo continually with the sermons and songs of the gospel evangel. The people, high and low, rich and poor, the foreigners, all the people are to be faithfully told of Jesus and His great salvation, and entreated to come unto Him to be saved by Him and to become His fellow workers. The only sufficient solvent for all the questions in America, individual, social, economic, industrial, financial, political, educational, moral and religious, is to be found in the Saviourhood and Lordship of Jesus Christ.

"Give is a watchword for the hour,
A thrilling word, a word of power;
A battle cry, a flaming breath,
That calls to conquest or to death;
A word to rouse the church from rest,
To heed its Master's high behest,
The call is given, Ye hosts, arise;
Our watchword is Evangelise!

"The glad Evangel now proclaim,
Through all the earth in Jesus' name,
This word is ringing through the skies,
Evangelise! Evangelise!
To dying men, a fallen race,
Make known the gift of Gospel Grace;
The world that now in darkness lies,
Evangelise! Evangelise!"

While thus caring for the homeland, we are at the same time to see to it that our programme is co-exten-

sive with Christ's programme for the whole world. The whole world is our field, nor may we, with impunity, dare to be indifferent to any section, however remote, not a whit less than that, and with our plans sweeping the whole earth, we are to go forth with believing faith and obedient service, to seek to bring all humanity, both near and far, to the faith and service of Him who came to be the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

His commission covers the whole world and reaches to every human being. Souls in China, and India, and Japan, and Europe, and Africa, and the islands of the sea, are as precious to Him as souls in the United States. By the love we bear our Saviour, by the love we bear our fellows, by the greatness and preciousness of the trust committed to us, we are bound to take all the world upon our hearts and to consecrate our utmost strength to bring all humanity under the sway of Christ's redeeming love. Let us go to such task, saying with the immortal Wesley, "The world is my parish," and with him may we also be able to say, "And best of all, God is with us."

A GLORIOUS DAY

Glorious it is, my fellow Christians, to be living in such a day as this, if only we shall live as we ought to live. Irresistible is the conviction that the immediate future is packed with amazing possibilities. We can understand the cry of Rupert Brooke as he sailed from

Gallipoli, "Now God be thanked who hath matched us with this hour!" The day of the reign of the common people is everywhere coming like the rising tides of the ocean. The people are everywhere breaking with feudalism. Autocracy is passing, whether it be civil or ecclesiastical. Democracy is the goal toward which all feet are travelling, whether in state or in church.

The demands upon us now are enough to make an archangel tremble. Themistocles had a way of saying that he could not sleep at night for thinking of Marathon. What was Marathon compared to a day like this? John C. Calhoun, long years ago, stood there and said to his fellow workers in the National Congress: "I beg you to lift up your eyes to the level of the conditions that now confront the American republic." Great as was that day spoken of by Mr. Calhoun, it was as a tiny babe beside a giant compared to the day that now confronts you and me. Will we be alert to see our day and faithful enough to measure up to its high demands?

THE PRICE TO BE PAID

Are we willing to pay the price that must be paid to secure for humanity the blessings they need to have? We say that we have seen God in the face of Jesus Christ, that we have been born again, that we are the true friends of Christ, and would make proof of our friendship for Him by doing His will. Well, then, what manner of people ought we to be in all holy living and godliness? Surely we should be a holy

people, remembering the apostolic characterisation, "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people: That we should shew forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light, who in time past were not a people but are now the people of God."

Let us look again to the strange passion and power of the early Christians. They paid the price for spiritual power. Mark well this record: "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death." O my fellow Christians, if we are to be in the true succession of the mighty days and deeds of the early Christian era, or of those mighty days and deeds of our Baptist fathers in later days, then selfish ease must be utterly renounced for Christ and His cause, and our every gift and grace and power utterly dominated by the dynamic of His cross. Standing here in the shadow of our country's capitol, compassed about as we are with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us to-day renew our pledge to God, and to one another, that we will give our best to church and to state, to God and to humanity, by His grace and power, until we fall on the last sleep.

If in such spirit we will give ourselves to all the duties that await us, then we may go our ways, singing more vehemently than our fathers sang them, those lines of Whittier:

> "Our fathers to their graves have gone,
> Their strife is passed, their triumphs won;

But greater tasks await the race
Which comes to take their honoured place,
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

"So let it be, in God's own sight,
We gird us for the coming fight;
And strong in Him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given,
The light and truth and love of Heaven."

III

THE LIFE AND WORK OF B. H. CARROLL[1]

In the days of John Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed preacher, the people said, "It were better for the sun to cease his shining than for John Chrysostom to cease his preaching." Something of that same feeling must be in our hearts to-day as we are called to face the exodus of the greatest preacher our State has ever known. How difficult it is to realise that B. H. Carroll has fallen on sleep! How much more difficult it will be to adjust ourselves to his departure! When did Death ever before deal Texas Baptists such a staggering blow? Shall we ever see his like again?

This is an occasion when our personal feelings might easily lead us far astray from the right use of this service. I shall not dare to trust myself to speak of my personal relations to him since first I knew him. It was just twenty-four years ago to-day, that is, on November 12, 1890, that I had my first interview with him, an interview which was vitally to affect every day and duty of my life thereafter. Some other day, on some other occasion, I may speak out of my heart something of my personal feelings for him, but I dare not, cannot, will not do so to-day. Whose heart here

[1] Funeral discourse delivered in the meeting house of the First Baptist Church, Waco, Texas, Thursday afternoon, November 12, 1914. Scripture reading: Acts 20: 17-38.

to-day does not cry out as did Elisha when he watched the ascending Elijah, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof?"

The sense of our unspeakable loss is very much mitigated to-day by the sense of his gain. It is literally, gloriously true that "to die is gain" for a Christian. Such gain is immediate, indescribable and eternal. When Bunyan watched his pilgrim pass through the gates and join the heavenly throng within the celestial city, he turned away from the vision with words that sob with homesickness, "which, when I saw, I wished I were among them." Through the long and weary and suffering months, preceding our great brother's homegoing, he had many visions of the world celestial that filled him with longing to be within the heavenly gates. He is there now, thank God, more alive now than ever before, in the land of infinite peace and love and life. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." All that it means for God's child to be summoned hence is to be "absent from the body and to be at home with the Lord."

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

Surely we would not be so selfish as to call our great brother back to earth, even if we could. He is forever well now, and doing, it may be, a far larger work than

he ever did on earth in that land where there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying nor any more pain.

Since his departure, one passage of Scripture has burned within my heart continually. I read you such Scripture a moment ago—Paul's parting address to the Elders at Ephesus. In such address, Paul, like a true seer, looks both forward and backward. He made one statement in the address, found in the twenty-fourth verse of the chapter, upon which we would do well to fix our thoughts this hour: "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

In such sentence Paul vividly sets forth the dominating passion and inspiring motive of his incomparable life and labours. He tells us frankly what is the one dominating passion of his life. It was to finish his course and accomplish the ministry committed unto him, according to the will of his Divine Saviour and Lord. Paul valued his life only as a means to an end. He was living simply and only to bear testimony to the gospel of the grace of God. Paul was no cynic, contemptuously asking the question: "Is life worth living?" He knew the value of life and prized it beyond all human speech. He urged upon us all that we redeem the time because the days are evil. He sought to fill the twelve hours of his earthly day to overflowing with service for his fellows. He was one of the most prodigious toilers that earth ever saw.

What was the purpose of it all? It was that he might live literally and utterly to accomplish the mission divinely appointed for him.

From his remarkable conversion until the hour of his martyrdom, his only question was: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" He did not hesitate on any and every occasion to state: "For me to live is Christ." "This one thing I do" was the spirit that characterised every step of his Christian career.

The trials and sufferings of life were regarded by him as mere incidents to an end. They did not daunt him. He had a race to run, a ministry to accomplish. Like his Master before him, he had a baptism to be baptised with, and how was he straitened until it should be accomplished. Every changing experience of his life was subordinate to the one aim and end, that he might go where, and speak what, and live as his Saviour and Master might designate. He scorned ease that he might accomplish his mission. He abjured the tears of his devoted friends that he might properly run his race. He defied death itself, declaring that he did not hold his life of any account as dear unto himself, compared with the right doing of the task God had asked at his hands. Lead where it might, cost what it would, Paul's heart was fixed on the doing of his Master's will. Because every power of his brain and heart and tongue and will and life ranged itself to the one aim of living literally to do the will of Christ, Paul stands out as the greatest single credential of Christ's gospel, since Christ was crucified on Golgotha's hill.

Paul here tells us what was the inspiring motive, the one passion that absorbed all his energies. He had received a ministry from the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God. He was called of God to be a preacher of the glorious gospel of His grace. He was put in trust with that gospel. He had a sense of his divine vocation. No more could he be swayed by the little, and superficial, and transient, and grovelling, and unworthy things of earth. He was called of God and separated unto the incomparable task of telling the world the meaning of God's grace to mankind. His work was not simply for to-day, but it dipped away into the eternities. He was an ambassador standing in Christ's stead, to beseech a sinful world to be reconciled to God.

He accounted his task so valuable that he was willing, any moment, to die for it. His life was as nothing in comparison with the ministry which he had received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. The gospel which Paul preached was a divine gospel. It was, therefore, able to produce and deserve such enthusiasm at Paul's hands. Some gospels are mere novelties, the passing fancies of restless men, who seek ever for something new. Some gospels are but essays, with a moral flavour to them. Some gospels are merely a gilded humanitarianism, seeking to satisfy mankind with fruits altogether superficial and external. Paul's gospel was a gospel of facts, of eternal meaning, and of Divine authentication. He declared those facts unto men, just as he had received them from Christ, how that Christ died

for our sins, according to the Scriptures; and that he was buried; and that he rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures. Paul called the gospel that he preached, the gospel of the grace of God. That word "grace" was ever upon the lips of this chiefest preacher of the ages. It is the very essence of Christ's gospel. It is the one hope of a sinning world. It is the sole comfort of mankind as they face eternity. We are saved by grace, we are established by grace, we are justified by grace, we are taught by grace, we are sanctified by grace, we are enabled to grow because of grace, and are comforted in the tribulations of life because of grace. Our salvation, in its totality, from first to last, is because of grace. That was Paul's gospel forevermore. Such a gospel is timeless and changeless. It reaches to the elemental and fundamental. Sin remains the same, and human nature the same, and the need of God to save through the passing centuries. Nothing but the gospel of the grace of God can heal the hurt of a needy world.

Paul was especially qualified to testify concerning such gospel. That word "testify" means much more than to proclaim. It means to bear personal testimony to what one has seen and heard and felt and known of the thing concerning which he speaks. Everywhere that Paul went he gave his personal testimony to the gospel that he preached. He had tried it and proved it. He possessed it and was possessed by it. He had found it to be the power of God in his own personal salvation. He knew Whom he trusted, and was not ashamed, anywhere, to bear witness to the

hope that animated his spirit. The grace of God had not only brought him salvation, but had taught him, and comforted him, and sustained him through all the trials and experiences of his eventful life.

Paul was not only a witness to the gospel but he was also a watchman on the walls of Zion. None other voice equalled his in summoning the people to be faithful to the truth. See how his words breathed and his thoughts burned in this farewell message that he gave to the elders at Ephesus. He reminded them that he was pure from the blood of all men, because he had not shunned to declare unto them all the counsel of God. Always and everywhere, he exhorted Christ's witnesses to take heed to the truth, to hold fast the form of sound words, to be true in the defence and proclamation of the gospel of Christ, whatever the cost of such fidelity. Thus Paul lived and died, the outstanding spokesman for Christ of all the ages.

Let us now turn away from Paul, to dwell for a little while upon the life and labours of our great brother, whose body now sleeps before us. Is it saying too much to say that B. H. Carroll was the most Pauline preacher our beloved denomination has seen and known for many a day? He possessed and was possessed by the great truths of the Bible, as was no other man personally known to us. He was, as was no other man personally known to us, "mighty in the Scriptures." His preaching took hold alike of men with and without culture because it possessed the attribute of timeliness. It appealed always to the elemental and fundamental. The strength of his power

may be more or less clearly discerned as we carefully look upon his life.

He was a man of heroic mould. Like Saul, he towered physically, head and shoulders above his fellows. His presence was imperial. In any company his presence, at once, arrested attention and secured an audience in advance of any word that escaped his lips. Both nature and grace concurred, in a remarkable way, to endow him for the marvellous work to which his life was devoted. His moral manhood towered in majesty, like some glorious mountain. What a man is himself, counts for far more than what he says or does. Tolstoi was far greater in character than in anything he ever spoke or wrote. It was so with John the Baptist, and with Paul. It was so with Pitt and with Washington. It was equally so with B. H. Carroll. He was a genuine man, true to the core of his being, sincere as the sunlight. I would have trusted my life in his hands, without hesitation or fear. As a friend he was staunch, steadfast, ever inspiring, never failing. He had the moral courage of Knox and of Luther and of Elijah. When causes of great moment hung in tremulous suspense, awaiting perilous decision, his voice ever rang out like a trumpet that gives no uncertain sound. His inspiring presence was like that of the plumed knight at the battle of Ivry, when he cried:

"Press where you see my white plume wave
Amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflame to-day
The helmet of Navarre."

And the record goes on to say that—

> "In they burst and on they rushed,
> And like a guiding star
> Amid the thickest carnage blazed
> The helmet of Navarre."

The presence and championship of B. H. Carroll for any cause immediately put heart and hope and courage into the advocates of such cause.

I would speak of him as a Christian. He was God's man. Like Moses, he endured as seeing Him who is invisible. The gospel of Jesus Christ was a vital reality to him and the Bible was his authoritative and final revelation. He loved his Saviour and Lord with a Pauline devotion. He knew Whom he believed, and his conscious apprehension of the things eternal was a fact so simple and so manifest in his life as to be marvellous in the eyes of all who knew him. He witnessed, without wavering, to the sufficiency of the grace of God for every exigency and crisis of his life. His life, as you well know, was marked again and again by experiences nothing short of epochal. In all such hours, his faith, and courage, and devotion, shone with ever-increasing lustre. I cannot trust myself, to-day, to speak of him as he was seen in some of those epochal experiences.

As a preacher he seemed to be in a class all to himself. The pulpit was his throne and he occupied it like a king. He was a prophet of the Most High God. Often, while he spoke, his convictions were at white heat; he was logic on fire. There was no hesitation in

his preaching, but the declaration always of triumphant and eternally important certainties. He testified ever concerning the gospel. Like Paul, he had had an experience of the grace of God in his own heart so wonderful as utterly to transform and revolutionise his life. He believed, and therefore did he speak. His preaching, often, was so irresistible that the stoutest sinners were convicted of their sins and were made to cry out to God for mercy. As you listened to him preach, you had never a doubt that he had unhesitatingly and joyfully stayed his all upon the gospel that he was commending to others. Of course, he stayed by the great themes of the Bible in all his preaching. A great preacher is never a novelty monger. It would be impossible for him to turn away from the vitalities and centralities of the gospel of God's grace, to be a huckster with the passing sensations of the hour. B. H. Carroll was a true watchman on the walls of Zion. From his high place, with clearest vision, he swept the whole horizon, and with a mental and spiritual alertness almost incomparable, he discerned the false and warned the people against it. The limits of this hour will not allow me to specify, just here, some of the mighty occasions when this titanic champion of the truth flung himself into the breach, and saved our Zion from most tragical schisms and wounds and long-lasting hurts. The place and work of this watchman for the faith must more and more be apparent and appreciated by our beloved denomination.

Like Paul, his life was abundant in labours. It would take volumes to recount the valour and the value

of his multiform labours. As the pastor of this nobly historic church, he wrought a work in this church and city and State, that will outlast the stars. He led you in the lifting up of a standard here that has immeasurably helped, and will ever help all our Texas churches. It seems sacredly fitting, now that he has fallen on sleep, that this funeral service should be held here in the midst of those whom he led in the shining way, whom he baptised, whom he married, whom he counselled and comforted, for a generation.

His work for education in Texas makes one of the most significant chapters in all our denominational history. Baylor University, with her unexampled streams of gracious influence and power; Baylor College, with her vast and ever-increasing ministry; all the other schools that our people foster in Texas, must always be distinctly indebted to this man for his notable services in their behalf. His services in behalf of our missionary operations have likewise been priceless in value. His service in behalf of struggling causes in cities, in villages, in the remotest country places, throughout all the vast domain of our imperial State, must be cherished by uncounted thousands forever. He was indeed a very tribune of the people. Great as he was in an intellect which was remarkably disciplined and informed, in an imagination soaring, towering and creative; in a memory remarkably accurate and comprehensive; in a will so imperial that mountains were transformed into molehills before his tread, yet this man, joyfully devoted his life to the people. No needy cause was ever neglected by him. He loved

the people and gave them the richest and best of his life.

The crowning work of his life, probably, was his leadership in the establishing of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary. No other task in all his life seemed so completely to enthrall his thoughts and energies as the task of Ministerial Education. Like Cato of old saying over and over again to the Roman Senate: "Carthage must be destroyed," so this man, in season, out of season, pleaded forever for the better education of God's preachers. Like David, whose one absorbing passion it was to build a worthy Temple for God, and who gathered from every quarter the choicest materials for such great undertaking, so this man has literally consecrated and dedicated his best, that Christ's preachers of to-day and to-morrow might be better fitted to testify concerning the glorious gospel of the grace of God. The great work so well begun by him, must go on, and on, and on. "God buries the workman but the work goes on."

When Moses died, his going made the largest gap in the history of Israel. The going of B. H. Carroll makes the largest gap in the work of our Baptist people in all this great Southwest that they have known or shall know for many a day. What emotions surge through our hearts as we think of the gatherings of our assemblies with this man absent! But do you recall the words that were spoken to Joshua, the successor of Moses? They are the words for us to hear and heed to-day: "Moses my servant is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this

people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel. Every place that the sole of your feet shall tread upon, that I have given unto you, as I said unto Moses. There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life. As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee; turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest. This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success. Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

This is an hour, my fellow Christians, for a fresh consciousness of our divinely appointed mission. This memorable hour, with all its solemn and meaningful significance, calls to us, challenges us, summons us to our best to-day and to-morrow, for our adorable King and His Kingdom.

And now, but only for a short while, we must say unto thee, great brother, faithful friend, valiant Christian, peerless preacher of the gospel of the grace of God, mightiest of the modern heroes of faith, hail and farewell!

IV

R. C. BUCKNER, FRIEND OF GOD AND OF ORPHAN CHILDREN [1]

It is no exaggeration to say that we are called together by this occasion to pay our tribute of respect and love to one of the most honoured and nobly useful men who has ever lived in this city and state and nation. The presence of this vast throng is a far more eloquent tribute to the memory of Dr. R. C. Buckner than any that can be spoken by the lips of any individual. His going causes all of us to "look with altered eyes upon an altered world." What a face he had! Who could ever forget it? The very sight of him was a tonic and a challenge to us all to live at our highest and best. The passing of such a life, so large and good and merciful and useful, makes immortality an inference so logical as to seem absolutely inevitable. Men set up a tent for a passing holiday; they build a noble cathedral to endure through the long centuries. It would be an intellectual absurdity to contend that this great, cathedral-like life should end with the grave. No, no, he lives on, and will live on forever, in a sphere incomparably larger than men can ever know in the flesh. He is now ab-

[1] Address at funeral, in auditorium of the First Baptist Church, Dallas, Texas, Saturday afternoon, April 20, 1919.

sent from the body and at home with his Lord. In the language of Bunyan we may triumphantly say: "So Valiant-for-Truth passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

We must not trust ourselves to speak or think too much about our loss to-day. Few graves have ever taken from as many people as much as will the grave to which we go this afternoon. Whose heart isn't moved to the depths, with prayerful sympathy, for the large circle of loved ones so intimately bound up with the great life gone, by the ties of flesh and blood and marriage? And, equally so, whose heart isn't thus moved for the hundreds and thousands of orphans, to whom the great life gave himself, through the long years, without stint or reserve? Surely, to-day, we are praying with one heart that God's all-sufficient guidance and comfort may be consciously sufficient for all, in this inexpressible bereavement.

Let it comfort all of our hearts to-day to think of his gain. "To die is gain"—immediate and immeasurable gain. Whose heart isn't strangely thrilled by the thought that he is again with a great circle of loved ones who have preceded him to the Father's House, in which circle is the gentle, noble wife of his greatly responsible and eventful years? How the great husband loved her and trusted her and rejoiced in her remarkably gracious life! Now, we must rejoice that they are together again, to be separated from each other and from their Saviour and Lord no more forever.

We are therefore celebrating at this hour, not a

defeat, but a release, a triumph, a home-going, a coronation. Our hearts joyfully sing to-day:

> "There is a land of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal reign;
> Infinite day excludes the night,
> And pleasures banish pain."

Yes, yes, it is always a "gain" for a Christian to die. To such, death means simply to be absent from the body and to be forever with the Lord. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Do you recall that arresting Bible statement concerning the death of Moses? It is in the thirty-fourth chapter of Deuteronomy and the seventh verse: "And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated."

One's heart turns to this description of the going of Moses, as he thinks of the going of Dr. Buckner. Moses never grew old, nor did Dr. Buckner. The years of Moses were far beyond the ordinary, and so were they of Dr. Buckner, but neither grew old. Both stayed young through all their years. What was their secret? What kept them ever young? With far greater truth could Moses say than Victor Hugo said, "Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart." Let us look for the secret of Moses' perpetual youth. As we look, we will see that it was a threefold secret.

It may thus be stated: Moses chose for God to control his life. Moses linked his life with a great and worthy cause. Moses included the future in his plans.

And, first, Moses chose for God to control his life. Thus is he described in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews: "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward." At a glance, one sees the tenor, the motive, the vocation of Moses' life, in this brief statement. He chose for God to control his life. He turned always to God for guidance and strength. He took time to pray, to meditate much, to be much alone with God, to be on right terms with God. He did not allow the duties and exacting experiences of life to crowd out the sense of God in his life and of God's will for his life. God was real to Moses—the personal God—more real to Moses than were all things and all other persons. God was the friend, the guide, the helper of Moses, in the responsible duties and emergencies of life. Moses chose for him to be so, and Moses endured as seeing him who is invisible. The supreme choice of life is the choice for God to control one's life. The first question for us all is, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The poet was right:

> "He always wins who sides with God,
> To him no cause is lost;

God's will is sweetest to him, when
It triumphs at his cost."

Moses made the supreme choice when he chose for God to control his life, according to the counsel of the divine will. For one to follow any other choice is to fight a losing battle. The highest prerogative of life is to choose, like Moses, for God to guide and control the life, to-day, to-morrow, and forever.

Again, Moses linked his life with a great and worthy cause. Recall his position. He was a prince in the proud palace of Pharaoh. Untold prominence and honour and wealth and power were in his hands, if only he would conform his life to Egyptian standards. On the one hand are "the pleasures of sin for a season;" on the other hand is "affliction with the people of God." Moses chooses the later. He is one of them—they are his people. He turns deliberately from the splendours of a notably powerful worldly position, to give his life to the guidance and betterment of his own oppressed Hebrew people. Moses here makes one of the supreme choices of all the long centuries. He did what the noblest heroes in every age have done—what John Howard did, and Livingstone, and Shaftesbury, and Clara Barton, and Florence Nightingale, and all the rest. Moses points the way of real triumph for us all. Such way was stated for us by him who said: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it." One thinks also of that searching question of Baruch: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not." One

thinks, too, of the advice Mr. Whittier gave a group of young men who asked him how to make the most of their lives. "Link them with great and worthy causes," was his reply. All history attests that the self-centred life is doomed. It is true even of whole nations. Go read the causes of their downfall through all the passing centuries. It is true of organisations of every kind. It is true of families, however strong and powerful they may be. It is true of individuals, whatever may be their cleverness and might. Selfishness anywhere and everywhere means ultimate defeat. Selfishness is the negation of God, the suicide of all abiding greatness, the perversion of the true meaning and goal of human life. Life, with all that it is and has, must be conceived of as a trusteeship, a debtorship, if it is to be lived in harmony with the will of God. All power is under inexorable bonds to serve humanity—all power, social, financial, intellectual, moral and religious. Paul's principle, "I am debtor to all," is the correct life-principle for every human life. It is not enough for one to be clever—to what end does he consecrate his cleverness? It is not enough that one has wealth and power—to what purposes does he consecrate his power and wealth? Unselfish service for others is the high test and meaning of life. Wisely does one of the modern poets sing:

"I live for those that love me,
And for those who hold me true;
For the heaven that bends above me
And waits my coming too;

For the right that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do."

Certainly, one of the surest ways for one ever to remain young in heart is to give all one's life-powers, unselfishly, as did Moses, for the making of mankind wiser and stronger and happier and better.

Still again, Moses took the long look, he included the future in his plans. "He had respect unto the recompense of the reward." He was always planning for the betterment of his people, not only for the present but also for the long future. Just here, the marked difference between two men is often clearly indicated. One plans and works only for the present. The other plans and works, not only for the present, but also for the future. The difference between the politician and the statesman is just here—the one has an eye to what he calls expediency; the other has an eye to worthy and enduring principles. The one is a mere opportunist; the other is a statesman who calmly says: "Right and time are on my side—I can wait." This difference may be seen in all the relations of life—in the school-room, in business, in civil government, and most of all, in the realm of religion. At this last point, men sadly delay to take the long look ahead—they often fail to have respect unto the recompense of the reward. The remark is sometimes jauntily made: "One world at a time is enough for me." Such a conception of life is a tragedy. We are made for two

worlds. To fail therefore to live worthily for both worlds is to make shipwreck for both. Time is but the vestibule of eternity. Augustine was right when he declared that man was made for God and could never find rest till he rests on the heart of God. God has set eternity in the heart, nor is there safety for any heart which does not trustfully rest on him who gave himself for us.

Here then, in the threefold secret of Moses' perpetual youthfulness, is clearly pointed the way of abiding triumph for us all. As we have thus briefly sketched the life of Moses, we have with one mind, I dare say, traced the analogy between his life and that of Dr. Buckner. The latter, just like Moses, chose for God to control his life, and linked his life with a great and worthy cause, and was ever building for the long future.

Like Moses, Dr. Buckner was a man marvellously endowed, by nature, by training, and by grace, for his wonderful life work. He was the child of nobly useful forbears. In early life he gave his heart to Christ and his life to His holy service. At the early age of seventeen he was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry. Therefore, for threescore years and ten, save one, he has been a preacher of the glorious gospel of the blessed God. His life was marked by an all-conquering faith. He believed in God and in men. His devotion to the Bible, to his church, to his denomination, was so worthy as to challenge the highest admiration of all. He was a man of perennial optimism. Did any of us ever see his equal in this respect? He looked for the bright light on every cloud and found

it. He was a dreamer of great dreams and a seer of high and holy visions. He was the immediate and whole-hearted protagonist of all good causes, civic, social, educational, moral and religious. His vision and sympathies were those of a world-citizen. Like his Master, "he could not be hid." He was everybody's friend—everybody's big, strong, generous, inspiring brother. His whole life was a positive, constructive life, breathing ever this message: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things." He was a man of universal sympathies—the kind of a man Bunyan had in mind when he painted the character of Mr. Greatheart. God's gentleness made him great. A few days before he died he gathered the orphan children about him and told them about the needy cause of the Jewish orphans, and they gathered up their pennies and nickels and dimes and gave more than fifty dollars to that worthy, humanitarian cause. Before all else, he was a great Christian. One wonders if we shall ever see his like again. All his life, he was a prodigious toiler. As a preacher and pastor, as a secretary, as an editor, as the founder and manager of the Buckner Orphans' Home, his was a life abundant in labours. That Orphans' Home will stand out as his crowning work and monument. Beginning some forty years ago with a single contribution of sixteen dollars, the institution has grown until more than twelve thousand orphan children have been trained within its walls. Its gracious influence will go on and

on, in this community, in this commonwealth, in the nation, and throughout all the earth. Could any man have a nobler monument? Generations yet unborn will rise up to call him blessed.

When Savonarola was being put to death at the stake, he strengthened his comrades with the words: "I am certain that if I must die, I shall be able to aid you in heaven more than I have been able to do on earth." No man is absolutely indispensable in God's work. "God buries the workman but the work goes on." When the great Lincoln was assassinated, one sentence was uttered that quieted the dismayed people: "God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives." That is the word for the Orphans' Home to-day, and for us all: "God reigns, and the Buckner Orphans' Home still lives, and will ever live." "God reigns," and he will see to it that all life's experiences are transmuted into triumphs for all who trust in Christ as Saviour and serve him as their Lord. In this solemn, tender, holy presence, let us now rededicate our lives, our all, to the doing of his will, remembering that "he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

In the closing moments of the funeral of Mr. Spurgeon, the people sang the gracious and comforting hymn, "Good Night." Let us close this service with those same tender words:

"Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast;
We loved thee well, but Jesus loves thee best—
Good Night!

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep,
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep—
Good Night!

Until the shadows from this earth are cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the twilight gloom be overpast—
Good Night!

Until the Easter-glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
Good Night!

Until made beautiful by love divine,
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shall shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
Good Night!

Only 'Good Night,' beloved, not 'Farewell'—
A little while and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible—
Good Night!

Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—
Good Night!"

V

DR. J. B. GAMBRELL, THE GREAT SOUTHERN BAPTIST COMMONER [1]

TEXT: "Preach the word; be instant in season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long suffering and doctrine.

"For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears;

"And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned into fables.

"But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry.

"For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."—*II Timothy* 4: 1-9.

The duty that is mine to-day is surely one of the most difficult ever asked at my hands. If I should be

[1] Words spoken at the funeral service, First Baptist Church, Dallas, Texas, June 11, 1921.

allowed to follow my heart, I would now be sitting there beside the family, instead of standing here to speak some words concerning the remarkable life that has just been translated from the lower to the larger spaces of life above. I knew him for a long time, knew him more intimately than I knew any other preacher in all the world. In the good providence of God I have had the privilege for more than twenty years of being often and most intimately associated with him, this joyful, inspiring companion, this valiant, masterful leader, this humble, noble Christian. I have travelled with him thousands and even tens of thousands of miles. I have conferred with him, times without count, concerning the things inexpressibly dear to both our hearts. We have often knelt together in the quiet place, where no eye could see but the eye of the all-seeing Master, and sought His light and leading for ourselves and for our fellow-workers.

As you are privileged to know some conspicuous men with increasing intimacy they do not grow larger. As you are privileged to know some others, perhaps not many, they do loom larger the more you know them. We are called together to-day to pay the last offices of respect and love to one of the outstanding men of his generation. The more his fellows saw him and touched his life the more was their admiration called out for his remarkable gifts, both by nature and by grace. It seems incongruous and impossible for one so full of life as was he to come to a silent hour like this. You who knew him well are not surprised to hear that the

sunset of his life was the crowning chapter of all his earthly pilgrimage.

During the brief months of his illness I was often with him, and during this past week it was my sacred privilege to be by his bedside daily. When he grew very much worse, a week ago to-day, I was privileged to tarry for a long time at his bedside, and thus it was my sacred privilege to be with him from day to day until he went away yesterday. Day after day I came away from his bedside, wondering how one with such a combination of sanest wisdom and wholesome wit, of crowning optimism, of sparkling humour, of conquering faith, of compassionate love for mankind, of lofty vision, of wide-reaching outlook, of commanding purpose and programme, could die! Nay, he is not dead, but lives on now in a larger sphere than ever before!

What gratitude is in our hearts that God let him stay with us so long! If he had tarried till the coming August he would have reached his fourscore years in the earthly pilgrimage. You can somewhat understand to-day, as can I, how Elisha felt when Elijah went away. As Elijah ascended into the heavens, beyond the gaze of Elisha, we can somewhat understand how the young prophet felt when he cried out, "My father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." How difficult it is for us to realise that we shall see his face no more in the flesh! Let us rejoice that memory will hold the reflection of his noble face, and hear the echo of his challenging voice, and feel the tonic of his conquering spirit.

On an occasion like this we must not allow ourselves to think simply of our immeasurable loss, but rather must summon ourselves to turn our thoughts to the highest and worthiest. "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

We are always deeply interested in the last statements made by people as they go away from the earthly sphere. We are interested to know how they went and what they said when their feet came to that stream separating the two worlds. Very often life's ruling passion is predominant even in death. History furnishes us with countless instances. Even so, Paul's ruling passion came out strongly in the face of death. He speaks these great words about his own departure to Timothy, his son, in the gospel. He tells the young man what to do about various matters, especially what to do about the supreme cause of all, Christ's cause. He gave the young man this solemn charge: "Preach the word, be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." He adds this admonitory warning: "For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers having itching ears. And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned into fables." He exhorts Timothy in these pungent words: "But watch thou in all things, en-

dure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry." Then he speaks frankly of his departure from earth, and his reflections thereon, in these words: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day." Now wasn't it wonderful to talk like that and to feel like that when Paul came to the long last? Mark how calmly he viewed death when he met it face to face. He spoke of the supremely vital things, and he looked on to the untried future without a fear.

It is exceedingly interesting to observe how the New Testament speaks of death. It doesn't often use that gloomy word "death." Paul talked of his "departure." That is what death is; just a departure, a change of residence. The Bible speaks of death under the metaphors of "sleep" and "rest." Paul calmly declared that he was ready for his departure, for his eternal change of residence. As he reviewed his earthly life, he said that he had three occasions for personal satisfaction. The first was that he had fought a good fight, or better, "*the* good fight." Paul was a warrior. From that eventful day on the Damascus road, when Jesus met Paul and fundamentally changed his life, until the day when the headman's axe took Paul's head from his body, Paul was a warrior for the faith of Christ, for the betterment of humanity.

Paul, more than any other New Testament writer, represented the Christian life under the figure of conflict, of contest, of struggle, of battle. It was Paul who wrote, "Fight the good fight of faith." It was Paul who wrote, "This charge I commit unto thee, son Timothy, according to the prophecies which went before on thee, that thou by them mightest war a good warfare." It was Paul who wrote, "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." It was he who most earnestly warned us concerning the weaknesses of the flesh and the dangers from the many adversaries who lie in wait everywhere to harm and hinder Christians. Now, as Paul looked back he said, "I have fought the good fight." That is to say, he had fought on the right side; he had fought for the right things; he had given his life for the right ends; he had put it on the side of a cause which is humanity's hope. He had not fought this fight for self, for wealth, for personal notoriety, but that goodness might triumph over evil, that right might be given precedence over wrong, that humanity, enthralled and lost, might through God's grace be disenthralled and saved. Paul had fought in harmony with God's plan to make a better world. He had therefore not wasted his life, but saved it. He had lived for that cause which is supreme and which, in its every relation, is invested with eternal importance.

Paul said again, "I have finished my course." That is to say, he had kept on the right track. Here is the figure of the ancient athlete as he came to the race

course, his every power girded for the running of the race, with the watchers on every side beholding the runner as he sped on toward the goal. Henry Drummond said, "God has a will concerning a man's character, and then He has a will concerning a man's career." From the day when Jesus met Paul on the Damascus road and said to him, "Why persecutest thou me?" the uppermost question ever asked thereafter by Paul was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Through Paul's whole life, after his notable conversion, Paul was the mighty defender of Christ, the outstanding champion of the Christian faith, the highest product Christianity has ever produced, the greatest single credential the Christian religion has ever known. Paul literally lived to do Christ's will, to follow wherever He might lead. That was the one consuming passion of his life. "He always wins who sides with God." He always loses who goes against the will of God. Paul sought in all his goings to conform his life to the course mapped out for him by his Divine Saviour and Lord.

Still again, as Paul reviewed his past, he said, "I have kept the faith." Paul looked upon Christ's gospel as a supreme entrustment, as an incomparable stewardship. He said, for himself, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him, against that day." Then he goes right on to exhort: "Hold fast the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me, in faith and love, which is in Jesus Christ." In the very next sentence he urges: "That good thing

which was committed unto thee, keep by the Holy Ghost, who dwelleth in us." Always and everywhere Paul was found confessing and defending the Christian faith. Thus did he speak of it: "For I delivered unto you first of all, that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures, and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures." Listen again to Paul's noble avowal: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." To the last hour of his earthly day Paul grandly illustrated in his own life his own saying, "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful."

And now, let us turn away from this brief contemplation of Paul's life and departure and think of him who left us only yesterday. What a soldier for Jesus Christ was J. B. Gambrell from the days of his youth! For something like threescore years he followed Christ. He spoke for Christ, he wrote for Christ, he thought for Christ, he lived to extend and uphold the teachings of Christ. He linked his very life with the mission and message of Christ and went forth as Christ's fellow-worker to aid in bringing in that kingdom which is humanity's one sufficient hope. You and I have never seen a more prodigious toiler than was our great brother who now rests from his labours. Whenever and wherever we saw him his brain and heart and hands were filled with plans for Christ's cause, and he was seeking to make such plans effective everywhere. Like Paul, he kept on the main track.

He did not allow his life to be consumed with incidental or secondary considerations. Every man who knew him could not but be persuaded that he literally lived to carry out the will of Christ. He could say with Paul, "To me to live is Christ." And then again as the champion of Christ, as the champion of the vital verities of Christ's Gospel, this man stands out against the horizon as an almost incomparably inspiring example for his own and succeeding generations.

Speaking yet more personally, one does not have to be at pains to observe the outstanding characteristics that marked the life of this, our valiant leader, and brother, and friend. They were known and read by all who knew him. First of all, he was a genuine man. The first thing about anybody is his character. What one is counts for far more than what he says or does. You couldn't associate anything petty or little or mean with this noble Christian soul. He was a true man. His mind travelled in a straight line, like the light. There was nothing devious about his habits of thought and of speech. Sincerity was about his whole life like a well-fitting garment, and sincerity is the fundamental virtue in life. Life is a ghastly falsehood if one be not sincere. He was a true man, without sham or shoddy, whose motives and character were as transparent as the sunlight.

To him the word duty stood out as the majestic and commanding word of life. He thought of the meaning of that word duty as the word was originally

spelled—due-ty. Duty is what one is due. Duty is what one owes. Duty is the sense of obligation. This man had the highest sense of obligation in all the relations of life, in his home life, in his community life, in civic life, in religious life, in all life. Duty was to him the most majestic word in the lexicon of life.

He was a man of profound and positive convictions. I have met many men and conferred with them concerning the deep things of the human heart, but I have never met one whose convictions concerning the vital verities of character, conduct and destiny were more pronounced than his. What a glorious believer he was! He believed in God. He believed in Christ as the one adequate helper for mankind. He believed with all his heart in the Divine authenticity and integrity of the Bible. He believed in God's people. He believed, without wavering, in the ultimate and certain triumph of Christ's cause throughout all the earth. He said to me just four days ago: "There is not a cloud on my spiritual horizon; there are no doubtful questions; Christ is humanity's one adequate hope; He is my all-sufficient hope to-day, and to know and to do His will is the supreme longing of my heart."

What pronounced convictions he had concerning the Christian faith! He could say and did say with John, "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth." He believed that some things are unchangeably true and that others are just as unchangeably false. He had no sort of fellowship with the loose contention that some things are either true or false, ac-

cording to one's viewpoint. He had no fellowship with such trifling with the truth. To him the pulpit was no place for a spiritual stammerer. He said, with the Psalmist, "I believed, therefore have I spoken." He said, with the Apostles, "For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." It is impossible to estimate the value of a man who believes something with all his heart and holds to it against all odds, and summons his comrades to walk in the path of truth, wherever it may lead and whatever it may cost. "For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?"

While he was a man of such positive convictions, he was also a man of the largest charitableness toward men differing from him. He would have risen at the hour of midnight to plead for absolute religious liberty for every human being, whether of this creed or of that or of no creed at all. He did not contend for mere toleration, but rather for absolute liberty of conscience in the things of the soul. There is a vast difference between toleration and liberty. Toleration is a concession, while liberty is a right. Toleration is a matter of expediency, while liberty is a matter of principle. Toleration is a gift from man, while liberty is a gift from God. Our mighty champion of the faith of the New Testament, as he understood it and believed it, would have made any personal sacrifice to have defended the indefeasible right of any religionist or non-religionist, anywhere and everywhere, to have absolute freedom of conscience in matters of the soul. The

value of a man who can discriminate like that, and believe like that, and go on his way witnessing as a prophet of the Christian faith, is immeasurable.

He was a man of universal sympathies. Especially did his sympathies whole-heartedly go out to the poor, the ignorant, the needy, the unfortunate. To illustrate: I have been with him many times when we would see the little Negro children at their play or on their way to school, and with great soulfulness he would say, "A blessing on all their little kinky heads." Likewise, I have seen his great heart overflow in behalf of the little Mexican children and his lips would move in prayer that God would be gracious to those little people. He said just the other day: "How can anybody be inconsiderate of a little child? When one thinks of the possibilities wrapped up in a little child, how can any one be harsh and unkind in his relations to a little child?" This was the natural overflowing of what his heart felt and lived. On the great seas last summer I found him time and again enlightening and enlivening with some inspiring story some humble worker or traveller on the steamer. Especially would his heroic soul burn like a conflagration whenever he saw or heard of the strong oppressing the weak. He practised Paul's ringing injunction, "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." To him it was unspeakably despicable that a strong man or a strong race would take advantage of the weak. All that was but a revelation of his remarkable and glorious character.

He was a man of crowning optimism. He sounded no low notes. One never heard him teasing an audience with miserable jeremiads or with wailing dirges. No matter how dark the clouds on the horizon, he believed, with Paul, that Christ must reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet. He said just a few hours ago, when his feet were already slipping over the brink, "I am as certain that Christ will ultimately reign in all the affairs of men, unto the end of the earth, as I am that to-morrow will come." He was a man of intrepid, dauntless optimism, because of his unshaken faith in Christ.

What a glorious Christian he was! At the same time, how human he was! He was not a formalist. He didn't parade his piety. His religion was not a method of life. His religion was life itself to him, engrossing him, encompassing him. It was the very atmosphere in which he lived, and until the very last hour that sunny soul, that triumphant spirit shone out, though at times his physical sufferings were intense. An apologetic like that at once answers a thousand cheap scepticisms forever. The best argument for a Christian is the right kind of a Christian. You and I never saw a more vital Christian than was this man.

In his last brief months he had the exquisite joy of being at home with his loved ones. His tribute to them was such as might evoke the sweetest strains of earth's most gifted poet. And likewise his loved ones counted it a privilege which words cannot describe to do everything possible for his comfort as he battled on to the end.

How he loved this church! He has said so often concerning it: "It is a haven of rest and comfort to me, beyond all words." Out of his overflowingly generous heart he would say: "It is the best church I ever saw; the men and women in it stay by the supreme things for which a church exists; they refuse to be turned aside by inconsequential and secondary things." Never did a pastor have a more inspiring auditor and fellow-helper. Surely we will all ever keep before us his high ideals for a church and hide his benediction in our deepest hearts.

Sometimes, when his heart was laid bare to some of us, we wished to stand with uncovered heads and unsandalled feet before him as he gave his personal testimony about Christ. Again and again during the last weeks his loved ones heard him quoting Whittier's hymn, "At Last":

"When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown;

Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, day of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song;
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long."

Thank God! he has at last found that perfect life for which he longed in the larger spaces above! It rests our hearts to-day to think that this prodigious toiler will not be weary any more. Among his last audible words were these: "I am so tired; when shall we get to the end of the journey?" God be thanked, this faithful worker will never be tired again! It rests our hearts to remember that he is now with his loved companion, who preceded him to the yonder-land something like eleven years ago, that wonderful woman, fit companion for this wonderful man. Her death also was a transfiguration. I was also with her when she went away, and I have never heard a grander

Christian testimony than was hers. These twain are united now, to be sundered no more forever. They are with their children and with other dear ones whom they loved long since and lost for a little while, but have found them again and are to be with them forever. It rests our hearts to think of this worker and friend, meeting again with many of his long-time friends and fellow-workers in the Father's house above. For the past quarter of a century Texas has had a notable triumvirate of workers. It has been my sacred privilege to stand beside the bier of each of them and speak some final words, even as I am speaking to-day. There was B. H. Carroll, that incomparable preacher and Bible teacher. There was R. C. Buckner, that great heart, that man of practical philanthropy, that gentle friend of all mankind. There was J. B. Gambrell, practical preacher, veteran missionary leader, constructive editor and author, college president, teacher of theology, champion of every good cause both in church and in state. What giants were these three men! Shall we ever see their like again? One's heart is moved beyond words as he thinks of them sitting together this Saturday afternoon, talking about their fellowship when on earth, and talking, it may be, about how the rest of us are going to "carry on."

This is an hour for the faithful rededication of our all to Christ. Long or short as our earthly time may be, let us to-day be highly resolved henceforth to give our best to the cause of Christ. This is the life which is life indeed. "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." To this end have we been born again and

for this cause do we tarry here in the flesh, to do the will of God. Not a talent should be misused, not an hour should be wasted. One cause, and one cause only, is worth our dying for, worth our living for, worth our utmost and our all, and that cause is the cause of Christ. To-day, to-morrow and forever may it be our consuming passion to do the will of God!

What shall I say as a final word, before the grave shall enclose all that is mortal of our departed leader and brother? I would hasten to say that we do not celebrate a defeat to-day, but a release, a triumph, a home-going, a coronation. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." "To die is gain." "God buries the workman, but the work goes on." When Savonarola was about to die at the stake he strengthened his brethren with these words: "I am certain that if I must die, I shall be able to aid you in heaven more than I have been able to do on earth. The work of the Lord will ever go forward, and my death will only hasten it." In these words is uttered a large part of the philosophy of history. The mightiest men in the world's affairs to-day are not those who are yet with us, but those who have been taken from us. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." J. B. Gambrell is not dead, he will never die! He lives on to-day, this leader and lover of mankind, this stalwart champion of the Christian faith, this faithful friend of God, he lives on, and will henceforth

live on, in a far larger sphere than ever before. At eventide it was light for him. Now it is the eternal morning for him. He has heard his Master's plaudit, "Well done," and he has entered into his Master's joy. Until the day break and the shadows flee away, may our every memory of him quicken our faithfulness to Him who loved us and gave Himself for us.

VI

THE LEAF AND THE LIFE[1]

The topic upon which I am to speak is, "The Leaf and the Life." It at once suggests the wide influence of the printed page upon all human life, whether upon the individual, the home, the State, or the Church.

In thinking upon this subject, a scene of the olden days passes before me. An old man is confined in the dark, cold, noisome Mamertine prison. Upon him are marks of feebleness by reason of advancing age and also the scars of many a hard-fought battle. The time of his departure is almost at hand. He has fought a good fight, and is now complacently awaiting the summons to go hence. But, before he goes he must write to his son in the ministry, Timothy, the gifted young pastor of the church at Ephesus. It is all a very realistic picture. See the old man as he slowly writes: "Do thy diligence to come shortly unto me." Poor, old, lonely soldier, while the shadows are so heavily gathering about him it is no wonder that he yearns for the companionship of his dear young friend. He goes on to write: "The cloak that I left at Troas, with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee." You see, Paul was no Christian Scientist. He

[1] An address delivered at the annual meeting of the American Baptist Publication Society, St. Paul, Minnesota, May 23, 1902, and reprinted by permission of the Society.

was just a plain sensible man, recognising that he had a physical body, and that he needed his cloak in order that he might be somewhat protected against the cold. Then he added these significant words: "Bring with thee the books, but especially the parchments." Just what these books and parchments were, of course, we may not positively say, but it is probable that they were the Holy Scriptures, together with other noble books that had wrought mightily in their influence over Paul, and were unspeakably precious to his great heart.

Though he was first and foremost in all the works and triumphs of Christianity, though he was marvellously endowed by nature and by grace for his incomparable work as an apostle, yet Paul prized beyond all human computation his books. They were his constant companions and fellow-helpers through all the eventful years of his matchless ministry. Paul was not only a flaming evangelist, he was a glorious teacher of doctrine as well. The two should always go together. In his far-reaching outlook for the work of the kingdom, Paul employed the leaf as well as the voice. Indeed the crowning work of his life was the writing of his Epistles.

This scene of the olden days suggests some lessons of measureless moment to the people of God. Prominent among these lessons is that of the possibility of preserving and disseminating truth by means of the printed page. The printing press is man's greatest mechanical triumph. By this means we not only become the heirs of the thoughts of the wisest and best men

of all the ages, but we have also the transcription of the very thoughts of God. This is a triumph beside which none other of man can begin to compare. Though one may be poor, seeing never the wise and great of the earth, yet by means of the printed page they enter his humble home and become his personal companions and friends. Thus Franklin enriches him with his practical wisdom. Shakespeare reveals to him the worlds of imagination, and Milton sings to him of Paradise. Nobly has Milton said of a good book that, "It is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit treasured up unto a life beyond." And strongly does Emerson say, in his great "Essay on Books," that "there are books which take rank in our life with parents and lovers and passionate experiences, so medicinal, so stringent, so revolutionary, so authoritative."

We are never to lose sight of the truth that it is utterly impossible for the printed pages to take the place of the preacher. The progress of civilisation, the vast increase of schools and learning, the amazing triumphs of the press, mighty as are all these agencies, they can never supersede the divinely sent preacher. "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." Let not Christ's minister for one moment lose sight of the divineness of his mission. Of him it has been truly said: "He holds a divine commission, he proclaims a divine revelation, he is animated by a divine purpose, he accomplishes a divine result, he is dependent upon a divine Spirit." As in the past, so shall it ever be in the future, that

God's foremost instrument in both the evangelisation and civilisation of the world is his preacher.

But it is just as true that the preacher can never take the place of the printed page. The preacher and the printed page are correlatives. Hand in hand they always need go, and their union should be as vital and as indissoluble as was that of the Siamese twins. Their conjoined influence finds striking illustration in the rise of Protestantism. The preacher alone did not bring about the great Reformation, and could not have brought it about. The printer had to come in. Luther was the preacher, Erasmus was the writer.

This truth is still more strikingly illustrated in the union of Christ the Incarnate Word and Christ the written word. The Incarnate Word was not enough, neither was the written word enough. Therefore, the Word Incarnate and the word written stand or fall together. The two storm-centres of all religious history and controversy have been Christ and the Bible. The Bible is the complement and counterpart of Christ. They are one and inseparable—the binomial word of God. The porch of Solomon's temple was upheld by two mighty pillars of brass, the names of which were Jachin, meaning strength, and Boaz, meaning continuance. When the ancient Jew went to the temple, though faint and weary from his journey, the sight of those two pillars always brought confidence to his heart and strength to his arm. The leaf and the life, the word written and the Word Incarnate, are the Jachin and Boaz in the whole scheme of the Christian religion. They must stand or fall together, for the

veracity of the one stands pledged for the perpetuity of the other. We do not have one iota of fear as to the destiny of either, but our deepest conviction is that if Jesus Christ is to reign throughout all the world,—an ultimate triumph of which we have not a doubt,—to a marvellous degree the propaganda must be carried on by the dissemination of the word of God. Its leaves, like the leaves of the tree of life, are for the healing of the nations. Those leaves are to be sent upon the four winds of heaven, bearing the tidings of salvation to those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

Would you see the influence of the leaf upon national life? Then you have only to open your eyes to behold illustrations without number. The circulation of the Bible in France, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and England, in the several stages of Protestant development, exercised an immeasurable influence. The iron preacher, the press, could go where the flesh and blood preacher could not go. And when assemblies were unlawful and speakers would be arrested and imprisoned, the leaves from the press were being silently carried from country to country, from city to city, and from house to house.

Take the nations of the earth, and the dividing line between barbarism and civilisation, between slavery and liberty, between the shadow of death and the light of life, is the open Bible. In the coronation exercises of Edward VI, three swords were brought to him, the signs of the three kingdoms under his rule. The young ruler demanded that they bring him still an-

other sword, and, when his nobles asked him what it was, he answered that it was the Bible, the Sword of the Spirit, which he preferred to all other swords. That demand of Edward VI was the precursor and prophecy of the coming Reformation. Of this Reformation Carlyle has truly said: "The period of the Reformation was a judgment day for Europe, when all the nations were presented with an open Bible, and all the emancipation of heart and intellect which an open Bible involves. England, North Germany, and other powers, accepted the boon, and they have been steadily growing in national greatness and moral influence ever since. France rejected it, and in its place has had the gospel of Voltaire, with all the anarchy, misery, and bloodshed of the revolutions of which that gospel is the harvest." France would not recognise the indisputable fact that the Bible is the franchise of all civil and religious liberty, and by the same token the security of all national perpetuity. In her *Corps Législatif* she contemned the divine book, and by resolution said that God should no more have any recognition at the nation's hands. Instead of the Bible, "Chambers' Encyclopedia," with infidel interpretations by Diderot and others of similar views, was scattered all over the land. A tidal wave was thus and then set in motion that has left its disastrous blight upon France, even to this hour. The Reign of Terror was an inevitable consequence, when mobs marched through the streets of Paris, and the heads of the bravest and the best fell under the guillotine, and the people were plunged into unutterable woe, and their ill-founded temple of free-

dom went down in fire and blood. All that the leaf can do for a nation's life or a nation's death.

The Reformation began when Luther, rummaging through the library at Erfurt, came upon a dusty copy of the Scriptures and opened it. There he read, "The just shall live by faith," and again he read, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." He had read enough to change the whole of his life. Here was the search warrant which God himself had put into his hands, entitling him to read for himself, and, without the intervention of priest, pope, or church, to interpret for himself God's revealed word. From that came the Reformation. Hitherto the Scriptures had long been hidden away in monasteries, while monks swung their censers and chanted their prayers. But Luther unchained the book, and lo, the truth flew abroad like Milton's angel with the flaming torch. The flying abroad of that truth set tyrants trembling, and thrones tottering, and led to the banishment of the dark night of the Middle Ages, and the mental and moral reformation of all Christendom.

England's noble queen, when she was asked the secret of her country's greatness, explicitly and instantly avowed that it was the Bible. The preamble of our own Declaration of Independence was unquestionably borrowed from Paul's sermon on Areopagus, and our whole political fabric is permeated with the teachings of the Bible. Put it down as an inevitable and unalterable truth that wherever God's book has been honoured, there national life has been glorious.

Wherever it has been dishonoured, upon such people have fallen blight and shame and death.

Not only is it true that national life is very largely directed and moulded by the printed page, but it is equally true of social life. Do you not recall the influence that was wrought upon London by Thomas Hood, as he wrote in simple verse of the wrongs inflicted upon the seamstresses of that great city:

"Stitch, stitch, stitch!
With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.

Stitch, stitch, stitch!
O men with sisters dear,
O men with mothers and wives;
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!"

Those simple words fastened upon the printed page, stirred the world's greatest city to its deepest depths. And the leaf has wrought this same result, in greater or lesser degree, in the social life of every community.

None the less true is it in individual life. The world is filled with illustrations of the truth that individual life is often shaped and its destiny determined by the reading of just one book, or even a tract. Let us dwell for a moment upon some well-known instances. Take this oft-mentioned one: An old Puritan doctor wrote a book on the "Bruised Reed," which fell

into the hands of Richard Baxter, and led him to the saving knowledge of eternal life, and thus was begun a ministry of world-wide power. Then Baxter wrote a book, "The Call to the Unconverted," which speaks on and on to uncounted millions, though the author's lips have long been silent in the dust Baxter's book got into the hands of Philip Doddridge, and was the means of leading him to a broader knowledge and a richer faith and a deeper experience of the things of God. Then Doddridge wrote a book called "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," which book fell into the hands of William Wilberforce, and so impressed him that he wrote a book called "Practical Christianity." And this book in turn made its way far down into the sunny Isle of Wight, and there thrilled the heart of Leigh Richmond. Then Richmond wrote the "Dairyman's Daughter," which book has been translated into more than fifty languages of the earth, working, wherever it goes, an immeasurable influence for the extension of the gospel. Still again this book of Wilberforce made its way far down into a secluded parish in Scotland, and its reading worked an epoch in the life of a young man, who was afterward to thrill the world with his glorious ministry—the eloquent Thomas Chalmers. There it is, not a break in the chain, Baxter, Doddridge, Wilberforce, Richmond, Chalmers, and after these names another word needs to be added—eternity.

Note again the example of Peter Waldo with his great cargo of tracts, which he scattered in the Piedmontese valleys, the outcome of which was the Walden-

sian churches, which through thirty-five persecutions, held fast to the truth of the Bible, although "Gashed by the spear of Savoy, and scorched by the fagot of Rome."

Look again at John Wycliffe, the great tract writer and distributor, one of whose tracts was carried by a Bohemian nobleman into Bohemia, and loaned by him to a man who would read it and be converted to God, and fill the world with his glorious testimony and service, the immortal John Huss.

Notice that it was a little leaf written by Luther that reached the heart of the Bedfordshire tinker, Bunyan, who was later to write an allegory unmatched and forever matchless.

Take this fact also in the history of French Protestantism: Admiral Coligny was dangerously wounded at the siege of St. Quentin, and during his illness his brother brought him some tracts, the reading of which led him to the acceptance of Christ's gospel, and to become one of its greatest Huguenot champions.

Then, again, some of these tracts went off and somehow made their way into a convent where the lady abbess, Charlotte de Bourbon, was converted to God by reading just one of them, and so thoroughly converted was she, that she fled from France and took refuge at Heidelberg, in the court of Frederick III, of the Palatinate. By and by this good woman did the sensible thing to get married, and her husband was the famous Prince William of Orange. Who knows but that a vast deal of the positive, glorious stubbornness of William of Orange of the Revolution, was in-

herited from the blood of his ancestress, who was led to God by the reading of this one little tract?

Take a nearer illustration: Yonder upon the upper banks of the Delaware, more than a hundred years ago, a lonely missionary to the Indians, David Brainerd, daily jotted down in his diary the struggles and hopes and triumphs of his checkered experiences. This was probably not written for any other eyes than his own; but after the body of that heroic missionary had been laid away in the grave, that simple diary crossed the ocean, reached England's great university at Cambridge, and was there read by a most gifted student. The student was Henry Martyn, who, through the reading of that little diary, was led to the winning of a wide immortality as a foreign missionary.

You do not have to go beyond your own experiences to observe the measureless influences of the printed page. A tract, dropped into a man's hands between scenes at a theatre, led to his salvation. A tract put into the hands of an humble ploughboy, shaped the destiny of the great preacher and editor, Jeremiah Bell Jeter, of Virginia. A tract on "Stewardship and Foreign Missions," enclosed in a letter to a plain business man in my own State, led him to realise for the first time his duty as God's steward, and, at once, out of only a modest income, he gave five thousand dollars to foreign missions. So little a thing as a tract led to the founding of the great Bible Society in England. If I mistake not, the founding of this great American Baptist Publication Society was suggested by so little

a thing as the dropping of a tract from the hat of Samuel Cornelius, which event suggested to Noah Davis the need and power of a great tract society which should send throughout the land a wholesome, God-honouring literature. Ah, it is true that

> Many a shaft at random sent,
> Finds marks the archer never meant.

Mr. Spurgeon tells the incident that one day a cabman drove him home, and when the great preacher paid his fare, the cabman said, "A long time since I drove you home, sir." "But," said Mr. Spurgeon, "I do not recollect you." "Well," said the cabman, "I think it was about fourteen years ago," and then he pulled from his pocket a little worn and faded copy of the New Testament, and holding it up to the preacher he said, "Perhaps you will remember this. You gave it to me and asked me to read it, and I read it and it led me to the Saviour, and I have been trying to serve Him through all these years." Ah, a simple deed was that; who could not do it? And yet, by service as easy and simple, we may daily batter down the strongholds of sin and Satan, and enthrone righteousness and the Lord of life.

These simple illustrations reveal to us the amazing expansion of thought by means of the printed page. The reproductiveness of truth, by means of the press, may never, even approximately, be measured. Truth may thus be looked upon as a seed, with limitless powers of self-propagation. The author of a good

book may die, but his thoughts, being fastened on the printed page, live on to cheer and inspire the reader to noblest endeavour. Milton was therefore right when he said: "For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that held them."

The printed page embalms thought. Homer, though dead these hundreds of years, lives far more widely to-day than when first he wrote his poems. Milton and Dante still sing on to the succeeding generations through the Paradise Lost and the Inferno, though their bodies have long since returned to the dust whence they came. Shakespeare passed away nearly three hundred years ago, but his thoughts breathe on and influence to-day with an incomparably greater power than they did in the days of the Tudors. Longfellow sleeps yonder beneath the blooming flowers, but his beautiful songs of Indian life and Puritan history live on with undiminished power.

Tersely has Dr. Strong declared: "A book is the greatest leveller. It is utterly democratic. As Shakespeare makes Buckingham say in scorn of Wolsey, 'A beggar's book outweighs a noble's blood.' The book-cover is a door without bolt or bar, which swings open to all alike, admitting the ploughboy and the shopgirl to intimacy with the world's four-hundred." Dr. Pierson has nobly said of the power of the printed page, that, "It unlocks the doors to the treasure houses of the race. It introduces all readers, without invidious dis-

tinctions, into the inner circle of authors, admitting all alike to the privilege of communing with them. In other ways we may seek in vain their acquaintance and audience, hindered by the forms of polite society, or their own seclusive and exclusive habits. Many authors are dead and therefore are out of reach; others, yet living, are too remote to be accessible. But the intelligent reader finds himself shut out by no wall of exclusion. He has the right of entrance and of converse, and none can forbid him. The palaces of the kings of letters stand with open gates, and there are no sentries or guards. The beggar's attire, the slave's bonds, or even the taint of crime prevents no seeker after knowledge from this instructive and elevating communion with the good and the great." He goes on to say that: "Books are the undying bodies in which authors continue to live and breathe, speak and act, and so find a sort of perpetual and potential incarnation, moving among men with immortal life."

The destiny-shaping power of the printed page is almost miraculous. The temporal and eternal destiny of many a boy has been determined by one hour's reading. A book fell into his hands, the reading of which charmed his mind and gave him a distinct and sublime purpose for all his after life. He rose up from the reading of its pages, to follow after his ideal as a lawyer, or statesman, or teacher, or preacher. No influence will ever undo the work of those few pages. They have given the boy his bow of hope and nothing will ever turn him away from their enchanting influences. It was this that led Henry Drummond to say:

To fall in love with a good book is one of the greatest events that can befall us. It is to have a new influence pouring itself into our life, a new teacher to inspire and refine us, a new friend to be by our side always, who, when life grows narrow and weary, will take us into his wider and calmer and higher world. Whether it be biography, introducing us to some humble life made great by duty done; or history, opening vistas into movements and destinies of nations that have passed away; or poetry, making music of all the common things around us, and filling the fields and skies and the works of the city and the cottage with eternal meanings; whether it be these, or story-books, or science, no one can become the friend of even one good book without being made wiser and better.

No tongue is among us that is able adequately to describe the epoch-making influence of the leaf upon the life. Let it be repeated, a good book put into a boy's hands at a certain hour, saves him for time and eternity. Another book of opposite character, leaves the boy a sceptic, and sends him through life a foe to men and a hater of God, and into eternity with soul unclothed and doomed. Franklin traced his entire career to the reading of Cotton Mather's "Essays to Do Good," which fell into his hands while he was yet a boy. Faraday attributed the arousing of his genius to the reading of a few books when he was an apprentice to a bookbinder. Carey's great decision to be a missionary was made as he read "The Voyages of Captain Cook." Emerson's book on Nature made Tyndall a naturalist. Samuel Drew tells us that Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding" transformed

him from low and grovelling views of life to just the opposite. An English tanner of great excellence ascribed the pre-eminent value of his leather to the reading of Carlyle. The book of Proverbs, used as a first reader in the schools of Scotland, has largely made that people the practical, virile, stalwart people that they are. Who can ever measure the influence of one little American leaf, the Declaration of Independence? It is a model unapproachable in its simplicity, its fearless arraignment of tyranny, and its bold assertion and wise limitation of the rights of men. The echoes of that paper, that all men are created free and equal, with certain inalienable rights, have reverberated throughout all the earth, and will yet, please God, find an acceptance by every government in the world.

Just in proportion as good literature has the power to uplift and ennoble and transform, does bad literature have the power to corrupt and drag down and destroy. The assassin of Lord Russell said that the reading of one bad book had made him a criminal and a murderer. John Angell James, one of England's greatest and noblest Christians, said, when an old man, that he had never fully recovered from the ill effects of fifteen minutes' reading of a bad pamphlet when he was a boy.

The great thing about the leaf is not so much the information it gives, as the effect it leaves upon character. Every stream has what is called its residuum. For instance, where iron is in solution, it is seen in the reddish hue of the stones in the bed of the stream.

Or, where sulphur is deposited, there the green tints may be seen. So it is with the leaf—it leaves its residuum on the life. A strong, stalwart body can not remain so, if it be fed on dainty viands, with here and there a bit of poison impregnated in them. Neither can the mental and moral nature flourish when it is fed on corrupt food, however attractive and sugar-coated it may be. "Let it be observed and remembered," says Noah Porter, "that a book is always written by a man, and that it is never by any magic or mystery, any better than its author makes it to be." Holy Writ has told us that, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." And, again, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but the companion of fools shall be destroyed." There is a companionship of books as real as is the companionship of men. And a man's character may be judged as much, if not more, by the books he reads, as by the men with whom he associates. If it be deleterious in the formation and training of noble character to keep company with people who are vicious and bad, equally if not more deleterious is it to read bad books.

There is a psychological reason for this, which is, that impressions made upon the eye are much more lasting than those made upon the ear. Impressions made upon the ear are transient. It is not so with those made upon the eye, for the reason that sight appeals strongly to the imagination, while sound does not. The written word abides because it is seen, while the spoken word soon passes because it is only heard. That is not only an amusing incident, but also an ex-

ceedingly instructive one, which H. Clay Robinson tells us in his diary. When a little boy he was corrected for misspelling a word. He appealed to his spelling book and proved that he had spelled the word according to the book. When told that it had been printed incorrectly, he said, "I was quite confounded. I believed as firmly in the infallibility of print as any good Catholic can in the infallibility of his church. I knew that naughty boys would tell stories, but how a book could contain a falsehood was quite incomprehensible." What a revelation and testimony this is to the power of the printed page! O ye editors of papers and ye authors of books, with what scrupulous care should you seek ever to write the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, since the printed falsehood, whether subtle or glaring, never fails to get in its diabolical impression. It is well-nigh impossible for the young especially not to be impressed by what they see in print, however ridiculous or wicked the printed statement may be. There is a kind of sacredness about the printed page that is the foster-child of faith. Who does not know that the most glaring immoralities have been clothed in poems of enchanting beauty, and that the most deadly infidelity has been so deftly presented as to corrupt the morals of a whole generation? There is not the shadow of a doubt that bad reading furnishes the leading instruction in the school of plunder, licentiousness, and all manner of lawlessness.

My heart is heavy here. Oh, if parents and teachers and preachers would but realise as they ought what

the young people of our land are reading! A very flood of false and foul literature, much of it worthy to have been edited in the depths of perdition, is by all sorts of devilish ingenuity being pressed upon the people. There are popular books abroad to-day, without number, that are pestiferous in their influences, damaging in their tendencies, and harmful only in their results. They ought never to be seen on a lady's table or tolerated in a decent home. I am ready to affirm that women had far better spend their time fondling poodles and playing with kittens, than to give it to the reading of such soul-stupefying, mind-enervating, jaundice-hued, false-coloured, sin-besmirched literature. As one cannot touch pitch without being defiled, or take fire into his bosom without being burned, so neither can he read foul literature with impunity.

Agitators and reformers tell us much about the drink traffic. They tell us that it is filling our reformatories and prisons with the victims of drunkenness and crime, and I am sure that they speak the truth. But the multiform, corrupting literature of the day, schools the reader for every vice in the whole catalogue of crime. Off by themselves, unsuspected boys and girls are reading these subtle and foul productions, thus feeding their minds upon corrupt visions of life, and hopelessly poisoning their lives at the very fountain head.

No other question is fraught with the tithe of the possibilities, both for good and for evil, as is the question of the literature of the people. And the devil

knows this and takes every possible advantage of it. Somehow he always finds plenty of money with which to print every species of false and corrupting literature, and plenty of agents to see that it is widely circulated. In this way, more than in any other, he poisons the minds and hearts of all classes against the highest and noblest and best. He even gets in his work in Sunday-school libraries. If you have not carefully examined into your Sunday-school library, there is probably quite a surprise awaiting you.

It was the marvellous possibilities of the press that led Cowper to write his ode to it:

"How shall I speak thee, or thy power address,
Thou god of our idolatry, the press?
By thee religion, liberty, and laws
Exert their influence and advance their cause.
By thee, worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befell,
Diffused, make earth the vestibule of hell.
Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise,
Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies.
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee."

The only antidote for a bad press is a good one. The only cure for bad and cheap literature is to make good literature and much of it and give it to the people as cheaply as possible. This is the only way that a scavenger press can be suppressed and overcome. It is God's way, for his word to us is, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." You have read the dream that Gutenberg had of the power of the

press. He once dreamed that as he wrought in his cell in the St. Aborsgot Monastery, he heard a voice warning him that the power of his invention would enable bad men to propagate their wickedness and sow dragons' teeth. The voice further told him that the time would come when men would profane the art of printing and posterity would curse the inventor. And then Gutenberg hurriedly took a hammer and broke the type into pieces. But then another voice was heard, and this voice bade him desist from the work of destruction, and to persist in perfecting his invention. The voice went on to tell him that though his invention should be the occasion of much evil, God would make it the fountain of infinite good, and finally give the right the ultimate triumph in all the earth.

A passing word needs to be said about our religious and denominational papers. Who can estimate their meaning to the home? The home may be ever so humble and far removed from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife, but the weekly visit of a noble religious paper, supplemented by the occasional visit of a good book, shapes the life and determines the destiny of that home. The picture of such a home passes before me now. Its inmates were poor and lived in a section where they must toil through all the seasons in order to provide a livelihood. But, though all thus had to toil, from the oldest to the youngest, and though the home in which they lived was exceedingly humble, yet they held converse with the men and movements of the great, wide world. The parents turned every extra dollar into good literature for their children. They

believed with Erasmus when he said, "I buy books first; after that, if I have any money, I buy clothes." They believed with a great theological teacher, who said to his class, "Young gentlemen, shirts are necessary, but books are indispensable." And so into that home a choice book came as often as it could be afforded, and several of the great religious papers came every week. Those papers and books silently wrought their destiny-shaping power upon all that large family of children, and though far removed from the scenes of the world's great movements, yet they thus became vitally real to all those children and entered into their lives. And when they went forth to the work and warfare of the world all of them had been won to Christ and do joyfully walk in his blessed service to this day. Is this a mean or ordinary result? Nay, it is the sublimest result possible in the history of an earthly home. And more than all things else, the literature provided out of a scant purse for those children, during the plastic years of their childhood and youth, shaped their characters and determined their destiny. Oh, how can parents and teachers and preachers be oblivious to this transcendently important matter of right literature? Carelessness here is worse than being foolish, it is wicked.

A further word needs to be said about the denominational paper, and a plain word it needs to be. It is the bane of some so-called religious and denominational papers that they have lost their great religious purpose and have gone off after matters sociological and semi-political. I could name such papers

that were once as Samson for religious strength, but like him later when his locks were shorn. Once they wrought mightily for the distinctly religious welfare of the churches, but now they are religiously nerveless and palsied and their power is gone. You ask the reason why. There is but one answer—they have lost their distinctively religious passion and purpose. A denominational paper ought to be the counterpart in spirit and purpose of the Acts of the Apostles. Instead of a little "missionary corner" in the paper there ought to be a pulse-beat in every line for missions. The supreme trouble with the missionary work now is that it is crowded off into a little corner. We want a missionary literature that will enthrone the one great passion and purpose of Jesus Christ, and do this in every issue of the paper and in every column of every issue. Until that is done by our papers, our preachers, and our churches, the continuing black plague upon all our religious efforts will be the anti-missionary spirit. We are not here primarily to cultivate sociology or to build up civilisation. Our primary business is to give the gospel to the whole world. On no other basis has a church the moral right to the plot of ground on which her building stands. What was our Lord's conception of his church? For what did he build it? His church, he tells us, was to be his body, the instrument of his will, the medium through which he would manifest himself to the world. It is the business of the body to execute the purpose of the head. Christ's church is his body, and it is his purpose that

the body shall carry forward the work that brought him from heaven to earth. For what did he come? "It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." This was his supreme mission, and that of his churches is identical with that of their divine founder and king. For this cause he brought them into the world, and for this cause he keeps them here. Our supreme danger is that we shall perish, not so much from our wickedness as from the littleness of our conceptions and efforts for God's kingdom in the earth. It was Archimedes who said, "Give me a lever sufficiently long, and a fulcrum upon which to rest it, and I'll turn the world over." Yes, and let the hosts of our Baptist people enthrone as their dominant purpose and passion the salvation of this whole world for Christ, and sound this forth, in every possible way, by leaf and by voice, and ere long the banner of Emmanuel will wave over every acre of this earth's soil.

May I refer for a moment to colportage work? It suggests a prospect that is thrillingly glorious. It is getting back to first principles. It is the gospel way of going into the highways and hedges to reach the people. Brethren, the wheels of the chariot will drag on, oh, so slowly, and the coming of the kingdom will be so long delayed, unless we go back to the Christ-appointed way of reaching the people. The colporter has this opportunity as has no other man. Therefore every Christian ought to be a self-appointed colporter. Every church ought to be a lighthouse for the constant

distribution of life-giving literature. It is indeed a sad day for Christianity when churches or individuals become too dignified to do this work.

All hail to the colporters! They are doing for God and for men a work the greatness and glory of which may only be read in the golden glory of the land and life eternal. In the congested populations of our great cities, they are silently scattering the leaves of life. Out yonder in the quiet country places, whence come the men who are to dominate the world's thought and life, there the colporter is getting in his glorious work. One of his books will mark the destiny of that eager, awkward country boy. Pass over a few years and you may see that same boy in a great city, where the black tides of worldliness and sin surge against every life, and as a flaming herald for Christ he will rally the tempted, wavering people to the standards of truth and righteousness. Another one of those boys will preside over the destinies of a great railroad. Another will stand at the head of a great institution of learning. And still another will shape the religious life of uncounted thousands through a great paper. O brothers, isn't this kind of work worth our while? Is not this the transcendent question before our churches? If the vendors of foul literature can find money to print it, and agents to scatter it, will not Christ's blood-bought people see to it, by the grace of God, that all needed moneys are provided for the printing of life-giving, God-honouring literature, and that every man of us shall be an unceasing colporter in its widest distribution? In one of our Southern cities there lives a cul-

tured and wealthy woman, who travels much, and wherever she travels she scatters seeds from the multitude of packages she carries with her. In a few months the fruitage of this sowing may be seen in the upspringing of beautiful flowers in all the wake of her travels. Why should not every Christian thus daily scatter the leaves of life?

Some earnest words need also to be said about the circulation of the word of God. The fields of such opportunity to-day are surely white unto the harvest. We marvel at the progress of Christianity in the early days, when few individuals owned a copy of the Holy Scriptures. The multitudes could not own it. It took years to write out one complete copy. Even one hundred years ago the printing of the Bible was amazingly expensive, and its circulation was therefore correspondingly limited. A copy of Carey's Bengali Bible cost about twenty dollars. Now it may be had for only a few cents. The Red Seas of difficulty to the circulation of the Bible, so far as mechanical or financial considerations go, have all parted asunder, and it is now easily possible, so far as cost is concerned, for the speedy putting of the Bible into every home in all the earth.

What is to be our reply to all the attacks made upon the old Book? It is just to print and scatter it all the more. When men tell us that it is not inspired, or if inspired it is only in spots, and nobody knows where the spots are, we are not to waste our lives in cavilling with them. We are not called upon to answer every fool who has escaped from the mortar in which he was

brayed. When the old Book is attacked, we are just to go on printing and scattering it all the more, and God will see to it that it will survive every conflict.

To be sure it has been unceasingly attacked, through all the passing generations, and is sorely attacked to-day. Foes without and within have plotted for its destruction. The Trojan horse is sometimes carried within our own gates, and a company of clever gentlemen, some of whom even wear the garb of theological leaders, and call themselves ministers of the word of the New Testament, have been attempting to draw the bolts of the citadel gates. Numbers of these clever gentlemen have sought to play the rôle of Jehoiakim; but the old Book has not been harmed. Its bonfires may be red throughout the passing centuries, but out of them all it has come without the smell of fire upon its garments. Voltaire said that he would pass through the forest of Scriptures and girdle all the trees, so that in one hundred years Christianity would be only a vanishing memory. The hundred years are gone, poor Voltaire also is gone, with none so poor to do him reverence, while Christianity is still here, and the leaves of the forest of Scriptures are filling all the earth. The very press upon which Voltaire printed that direful prophecy is now used for the printing of Bibles, and the very house in which he lived has become a great depository from which is scattered the word of God. On the very spot in London where the council condemned the bones of Wycliffe to be dug up and burned, there the great British and Foreign Bible Society has its central offices.

The old citadel stands, though every stone in the wall has been attacked. Like Eddystone, despite all the swirling tides and buffeting storms, the old Book stands to cast its steady light over all the broad and storm-swept seas. Like Gibraltar it stands, while the wreck of uncounted hostile fleets lies shivered about its base. Gloriously does Cumming speak of its triumph: "The empire of Cæsar is gone; the legions of Rome are mouldering in the dust; the avalanches that Napoleon hurled upon Europe have passed away; the pride of the Pharaohs is fallen; the pyramids they raised to be their tombs are sinking every day in their desert sands; Tyre is a rock for bleaching fishermen's nets; Sidon has scarcely left a wrack behind; but the word of God still survives. All things that threatened to extinguish it have only aided it; and it proves every day how transient is the noble monument that man can build, how enduring is the least word that God has spoken. Tradition has dug for it many a grave, intolerance has lighted for it many a fagot, many a Judas has betrayed it with a kiss, many a Peter has denied it with an oath, many a Demas has forsaken it, but the word of God still survives." All flesh is as grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever. The mouth of the Lord has declared it.

"A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic as the sun.
It gives a light to every age,
It gives and borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat.
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set."

After her departure, as well as while she lived, many beautiful incidents are told of England's world-famed queen, Victoria. But this one, more than any other, has thrilled my heart. When the time came, while she was yet a girl, for her to be crowned queen of England, among the many other arrangements for the coronation exercises, it was arranged that the climax of those exercises should be the singing of Handel's Messiah. The young queen had been reared in modest seclusion, and therefore did not understand the dignified ways of the court. And so she was informed by the court ladies that though every one else should rise during the singing of that great oratorio, she must not rise, it would not be proper for royalty, her position was too dignified. The exercises began and went on until the concluding moments, when the great oratorio should be sung. This was begun, and the sublime strains swept on, thrilling every heart. "He shall reign forever and forever." At those words the young queen was seen to tremble with deep emotion, but according to instructions she did not rise. Then the singers reached those all-glorious words: "King of kings and Lord of lords, King of kings, and Lord of lords." The young queen could no longer remain seated, but, against all the instructions given her as to the proprieties, she rose, lifted her eyes heavenward, then

bowed her head and wept. Wasn't it appropriate and beautiful and glorious?

> "Bring forth the royal diadem,
> And crown him Lord of all."

O brothers, I pray Almighty God that your heart and mine from this hour may be bound under a spell, from which we shall have neither the wish nor the power to be disenchanted, and which spell shall hold us until we pass into eternity, that we will give and pray and toil and lay our every power under tribute to enthrone Jesus Christ in the realm of all the literature of this whole broad earth.

VII

WHY SAVE HUMAN LIFE?[1]

The right to preservation depends, in a large degree, on the value of the thing to be saved. And the obligation to save, like the right, depends upon value. Human liberty, the right of free speech, freedom of conscience, are things of such inestimable value as to impose upon us an obligation to preserve them inviolate, that counts no cost too great, no sacrifice too dear to effect that end. Why save human life? Why save anything? The answer is, because of its value, intrinsic or sentimental. Has human life such value? If so, then we have an answer to the question upon which I am asked to make a brief address.

Next in importance to a right conception of God, is a right conception of man. To think meanly of human life is to live meanly; for we can no more live higher than we think, than the bird can rise above the uplift of its own wings. The civilisation of any people may be faithfully read in its estimate of human life. The discriminating student of ancient civilisation quickly discovers that the deepest defect of its history was that it had no proper regard for human life. We have heard much about how the old Romans, through their superior laws, sought to safeguard human life;

[1] An address delivered at the Texas Peace Congress at Baylor University, November 20, 1907.

but it must be remembered that such safeguards did not apply to slaves. When Seneca would put the whole Roman law into one fine phrase, this was his phrase: Man is a sacred thing to man. Nevertheless, gladiators fought to their death in the ampitheatre, while men applauded, and elegant women looked on and turned their thumbs down as readily as up. Those same women welcomed the plague which swept away thousands of the poor people of the city, because it left more room for their carriages and trains to pass through the streets. Whatever may be said about Roman law, it is certain that human life was not sacred in Rome.

We have heard, too, about the wonderful civilisation of Egypt; and its great pyramid is often instanced as an evidence that modern civilisation is not in advance of ancient. But we must remember that the great pyramids cost thousands of lives, and that all those lives were the lives of oppressed and unpaid slaves. Across the long centuries there has come the story of an Egyptian king, during a similar enterprise, who, when the rollers for the handling of a great stone seemed to need a lubricant, ordered a wretched slave to be thrown under the rollers, that his blood might be lubricant for them. The boasted civilisation of Egypt had a poor estimate of human life.

We do not have to go back so far to read the shocking lesson that ambitious and selfish men are willing to gain their ends by ruthlessly despising the sacredness of human life. Call to mind the famous interview between Napoleon and Metternich. Napoleon

had demanded a report of a certain campaign. "Sir," said Metternich, "you ought not to undertake it, it will cost one hundred thousand men." "One hundred thousand men," said Napoleon. "What are one hundred thousand men to me?" And Metternich went to the window, and having opened it wide, indignantly exclaimed, "Let all Europe hear that infamous declaration!"

But we need not go that far back. We have only to glance at the anti-Jewish atrocities in Russia to be shockingly reminded that the sacredness of human life is to-day despised as in other days. Here in our own fair land—foremost among all the nations in the progress of liberty and in the sway of religion—even here, we are grievous offenders against the sanctity of human life. That terrible trinity of horrors—suicide, lynching, murder—still mock us with their awful carnival in every section of our great country. Added to these are strikes, boycotts, lockouts, class antagonisms, whose oft-heard and ominous mutterings mean that we have not yet sufficiently learned that the most precious thing in all the world is human life. If this nation is to be saved from the doom of the proud nations of the olden days, we must learn from the Son of God Himself the priceless value of human life. We must see in humanity, with all of its races and classes, the image of God, despoiled and defaced to be sure, but see that image sufficiently to know that a man, any man, anywhere, is infinitely more precious than fine gold, even than the golden wedge of Ophir. We must see that the value of the meanest human life in the earth is wholly

irreducible to terms of silver and gold. This is the doctrine that needs profoundest emphasis to-day, the value and dignity of human life. In these days of pressure and superfluity, when the very air we breathe is heavy with materialism and commercialism, we cannot be too often reminded that all life must be judged, not by its possessions but by itself. It cannot be too often asserted that the life of a man or of a nation consisteth not in the abundance of the things he or it possesseth. No country can be truly rich where human life is held as a cheap thing; where vast plague spots are willingly allowed to infect her cities; where conditions are such that hordes of defenceless women and children live in squalor and sordidness, dwarfed in body and mind, with life's horizon little larger than that of the beasts that perish. Any and every civilisation is a dismal failure, even though its commerce is in every market, and its ships on every sea, and its banks glutted with gold, if the end of such civilisation is the making of money, rather than the making of men. This nation, like the great nations before it, is menaced by the temptation to exalt material strength as its chief good, forgetting the fundamental truth that when the morality of a people crumbles down, all the boasted material resources of the proudest civilisation prove helpless. All history confirms the truth that the last line of defence for a people is not material but moral. Again and again do we have the example of the world's proudest nations rotting to their doom, because in their feverish accumulation of material things they have forgotten the sanctity of human life.

Next to God, in dignity and value, let it be said with reverence, is man. True is it that we are compelled to think often about man's littleness. That obtrudes itself upon us from every side, it stares us in the face at every street corner. All that is vain in the streets, all that is vile in the slums, all that is immoral in society, selfish in business, corrupt in politics, ragged in religion, is, also, by countless newspapers, daily magnified and emphasised. But, despite all that, man is second in dignity and value to God.

Man's value is seen in the constitutional elements of his creation. He was made in the image of God, and though fallen and marred by sin, he still retains traces of his wonderful creation. The tiniest babe, therefore, that ever cooed in its mother's arms, is intrinsically more valuable than the whole material universe. Because of his intrinsic greatness, dominion over matter is given into man's hands. He is the master of the universe. He is the nearest possible approach to omnipotence. The towering mountains, what is man compared to them? He is their master, for he will climb those mountains, tunnel them, level them, do with them as he wills. He subdues the forests, makes the rolling seas his convenient highways of travel, tames and uses the lightnings of the angry storm cloud, and brings under tribute the forces of earth and sky and sea. Reluctantly, as to her master, all Nature is surrendering to man her mighty secrets, as he, under Divine commission, goes forth subduing the earth. Possessing only finite intelligence, yet, he rises step by step in the work of solving infinite problems, till the

mind staggers at the possibilities of his ultimate achievements.

If the value of human life may thus be affirmed, collectively, more may be affirmed of the units that make up the great mass. In the home, man's value finds constant emphasis, as a member of the family, building up its fortunes, bearing its burdens, sharing its joys and sorrows, defending its honour. Then as a citizen, his value finds constant emphasis, standing as he does for righteousness, shaping his country's policies, framing its laws, defending its liberties, stimulating its virtues, and lifting it up to commercial, intellectual and moral supremacy.

And yet, valuable as is man in all the relations named, has he not infinitely greater value? Whence is he? Whither does he go? Whose hand formed the tabernacle where dwells his life? Who breathed into the insensate clay the breath of life, so that man became a living soul? Who wrote indelibly in the very law of his being, a longing for the infinite, a reaching out after the unknowable, an inspiration after holiness? The Lord Jehovah did it all. God has stamped on man the likeness of His Deity, and infused into man's inner life the germs of infinite possibilities. God has endowed man with a part of Himself, even with immortality, which attests man's infinite value. True, there are constant infirmities to mock man's earthly powers, ending with death, that grim sarcasm of human life. But these infirmities touch only the body. The bearing wind and rough sea may shatter and sink the boat, but out of the storm and the wreck

the boatman swims to the shore. If a man die, he shall live again and live forever.

And not only is man to live forever, but in the brief time allotted him in the flesh, he sets in motion influences, whose concentric waves ever widen and set in motion others and others still, that will sweep on and on over the ocean of time to glorify or overwhelm their author in eternity.

But this is not all. Every human life is lived not only for what it is, and for what it may be, but principally, every life is to be lived for the glory of God who gave it. Infinite dignity and value is therefore given to human life, because of its exalted office. The humblest peasant in this way becomes a king.

Then, for its own sake, for the world's sake, and for the sake of that holy and infinite One who has created us for His glory, human life should in every way be most sacredly cherished.

Along with the emphasis of the value of the human life, some attendant truths need profoundest emphasis. One is that our estimate of human life needs to be thoroughly Christian. Jesus changed the currents of the world's history, when He came forth from Galilee, with the smell of the carpenter shop upon his garments, and dared to trample down all the traditions and customs of the past by saying: "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." The words of the young carpenter were utterly revolutionary, and they are slowly but surely cutting their way through every civilisation of the earth. This vast question of international peace, which is the occasion

of this Congress to-day, is being agitated because of those words. It is a question that vitally touches every nation and every individual in all the earth. It is a question for both church and state, for it directly concerns every human being in the world.

It has doubtless occurred to you that a most incongruous situation now confronts all the great nations of the world. That situation is, that while they are loudly affirming their love of peace, they are every one making colossal preparations for war. And our own beloved country seems to be at the head of the column. During the last ten years we are told that while our population has increased ten percent, our military expenditures have increased three hundred percent. Whenever our country spends ten million dollars for one new battleship, she spends enough money to buy Harvard University plant, with its grounds and more than one hundred buildings. At this very hour, Europe is staggering under the weight of thirty billion dollars of debt, most of it incurred in connection with wars. And in addition to the enormous sums which must be raised to pay the interest on that staggering debt, Europe also spends one and one-half billion dollars each year for the maintenance of her armies and navies. Do you wonder that educational and reformatory movements suffer from lack of money in Europe? We are told that England spends over three hundred million dollars a year on her army and navy and only eighty million dollars a year on education and science and art. We are told that Russia spends over two hundred million dollars a year on her army and navy,

and only twenty-two million dollars on public education. Here in our own United States we are spending over two hundred million dollars a year for our army and navy, and we do not seem to have an enemy in the world. Does it not all seem incongruous? Is not the spectacle absurd? It is a glorious thing that so many are now feeling that the military spirit is to-day sapping and draining the life of the nations. That spirit is to-day the running sore, the inexcusable blunder, the unspeakable crime of the world. Can it be reasonably doubted that the world would be far better off if all the great fighting fleets of battleships were sunk to the depths of the sea, and no navy left, except an international navy of sufficient size to protect commerce from pirates and the possible depredations of half-civilised tribes? As little money as possible, consistent with national safety and responsibility, for soldiers and battleships, and as much money as possible for great educational and Christian enterprises, —surely this is the road along which our fleet must travel if the blessings which this generation enjoys are to be transmitted to those that come after us.

Nor is this country to get her advice about war from a lot of military experts. Europe is in her present deplorable condition because she has too largely followed the advice of such men. Military experts, as some one remarks, too often look at the world through the bore of a gun. This question of peace and of war, this question of why human life should be saved, is a question for all men—for the lawyer, the preacher, the scholar, the teacher, the banker, the college president,

the student. It is a question for men of learning, and large outlook and clear vision, who are acquainted with the currents of the world's life; and above all, for men who believe in the principles enunciated by Jesus of Nazareth, and who desire to give such principles the noblest embodiment in the lives and institutions of men. It is a question for statesmen, and loud is the call that human life makes upon them to enact such laws as will best protect life. It is a call from helpless childhood, overwrought in the mills and factories, while their little bodies are stunted and their struggling minds are dwarfed. It is a cry from unnumbered thousands, who are eking out a miserable existence in unsafe and unhealthy buildings. The voice of human blood crieth out against us on every side, if in any wise we disregard the safety and preciousness of human life. It goes without argument that it is ever a living question for the pulpit and the press. Innumerable are the responsibilities of these great forces for worthily magnifying the value of human life. It is a question for scholars. Well did Lowell say that this republic was founded by scholars and must be cared for by their self-sacrificing devotion. It behooves the students in all of our colleges to study well the structure and problems of government, to the end that they may give better care for human life. The indifference of so many college men, to-day, to politics, is one of the colossal dangers and shames of our country. If students and men of scholarship sit at home and complain that affairs of government do not go right, well does George William Curtis say that "Ours

is a government mastered, not by ignorance, but it is a government betrayed by intelligence. It is not a victory of the slums; it is the surrender of the schools. It is not that bad men are politically shrewd; it is that good men are political infidels and cowards." It is a question for all men and for every relation of life. Ours is the land of public opinion, and every one of us has his part in forming it. Public opinion can be debased or elevated; it can be paganised or Christianised. It is a question to be unceasingly considered by both labour and capital. Let capital learn the lesson that its oppression of the labourer, its securement of a single dollar at the disregard of human life, shall somehow, somewhere, be followed by a curse. And let labour know that if it is unjust to capital, the law equally applies to it. There are not two gospels—the one for Capital and the other for Labour—but one, the gospel of Love, and none is exempt from it.

Christ's conception of human life and his spirit toward it must be ours. He magnified the dignity of the individual. He gave constant emphasis to human brotherhood. He practised a pure democracy.

You have seen that remarkable picture, perhaps, called "The Conquerors." Yonder they are, Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon, Cleopatra, and the others, on battle steeds and in their chariots, with sounding trumpets and flaming banners, leading on a militant host. On either side, as far as the eye can reach, are naked bodies of the slain, in attitudes of horrible anguish, headless, dismembered, too appalling for speech. Such is the picture of great military leaders, with their

conquests. I point you to another picture, the picture of the march of the Prince of Peace. Through the centuries He has marched, a beneficient and all-conquering Presence, with hands ever outstretched in blessing. He opens the eyes of the blind, the ears of the deaf are unstopped, the lame man leaps as a hart, the wilderness and solitary places are glad because of His coming, the trees of the fields clap their hands. In Him is found the proper conception of human life and the proper relation towards it. And that nation does most for man and most for God which does the most to carry the world to that golden age foretold in prophecy, when the nations shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, and when all shall acknowledge that the Prince of Peace is King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

"Glad prophecy! to this at last,
The Reader said, shall all things come.
Forgotten by the bugle's blast,
And battle music of the drum,
A little while the world may run
Its old, mad way, with needle gun,
And iron-clad; but peace at last shall reign,
The cradle song of Christ was never sung in vain."

VIII

THE PASSING OF THE LEGALISED LIQUOR TRAFFIC[1]

Just twenty years ago to-day I lifted up my voice for the first time as a citizen of the goodly city of Dallas. As these years have passed—twenty of them—the people of Dallas and all the higher interests of her people have been strengthened and deepened in my love with every passing day. I love Dallas as I love no other spot in all God's great big world. Her people are my people; her institutions are mine; when I come down to the last day of my earthly work, if my wish is carried out, I shall take that last sleep side by side with the people of Dallas.

Through all these twenty years, my neighbours and fellow citizens, I have had just one concern as a citizen of Dallas, and that concern is by precept and by example to do the people of my city good, and good only, and not evil at all. God is my record, I should gladly choose any hour to lie down and die rather than

[1] Address delivered at the Coliseum, Dallas, Texas, September 9, 1917. The occasion on which this address was delivered was one of the most thrilling in Dr. Truett's life. It was heard by a vast throng of more than 6,000. Hundreds, unable to gain admittance, had been turned away. On the following day the prohibitionists won by a substantial majority, thus sweeping Dallas, the metropolis of the Southwest, into the prohibition column.—*The Editor.*

to betray the higher interests of my city and to be untrue to humanity here where I live.

I come this summer evening to lift up my voice, as I have done before for twenty years, for the interests of the city of Dallas. If this occasion were a mere personal or a political occasion, my voice would be silent here. I am as much concerned for the welfare of the men and women of one political party or one class or one section of society as I am concerned for another. But because there is an overshadowing moral issue in the city of Dallas, I cannot, I dare not, be silent, and therefore do I stand in this place to lift up my voice in championship of the gigantic, moral issue that now confronts our city.

And the moral issue is a very simple one. Stripped of all surplusage of words, that issue is, Is it right for the good city of Dallas to continue in the saloon business? That is the one issue that we are to vote upon to-morrow when we come to the polls. The hour is from every viewpoint revolutionary and epochal. Napoleon said once as he addressed his soldiers yonder in Egypt, "Soldiers, forty centuries look down upon you." As we are gathered in this vast presence this Sabbath evening, I tell you that not only are there uncounted thousands in our city whose eyes are upon us as we meet to settle a great issue quietly at the polls to-morrow, but in every county and in every remote nook of this great commonwealth and far beyond in every outpost of American civilisation there are eyes that watch and there are hearts that beat with immeasurable interest in the moral issue that is to be decided at

the ballot box in Dallas, to-morrow. Deeper than any words that I can say do I desire that my fair Dallas shall to-morrow night send to the limits of Texas, and send to the President of the United States the cheering word, "We are standing with you, Mr. President, to help make the country safe for democracy and safe for the world."

Why should we vote, my fellow men, to-morrow for the cause of prohibition in this fair city? I expect so to vote, if I am not providentially hindered. Shall I tell you why? I shall thus vote, if not hindered, because this method is evidently the one method left us to end the reign of the legalised liquor traffic in our city. There is no other way to end the reign of such traffic, so far as is now apparent anywhere on the horizon, and nothing is ever settled until it is settled right. The one simple question facing us for our issue to-morrow is the question, Is the saloon traffic, legally hedged about as it is in our community, a thing morally right or morally wrong? If that traffic, as thus protected and carried forward, is morally wrong, then to-morrow we have clearly set before us our plain duty, for "Nothing in this world," as that keen-minded woman, George Eliot, said—"Nothing in this world that is wrong is worth championing." And wrong is not only criminal, but wrong is stupid; wrong is blind; wrong is mischievous in its final harvest. And because the reign of the liquor traffic is wrong in the realm of morals, I am compelled as a citizen, God willing, to-morrow, to cast my vote for the ending of the reign

of such legalised wrong here in our fair city and county.

We do not have to go far to find the testimony on every hand brought us that the legalised liquor traffic is a moral absurdity and an ethical blunder. Every court in our fair country, from the highest court in the Nation's capital down through all the federal and state courts, down to every court in our own fair city and county, with one voice comes to us telling us that the saloon business does not have one inherent right to live in all the world. And then as we look about us to behold the work wrought by the saloon, it at once stands out as the focal expression of evil, and stupendous evil, and evil only, and evil continually, wherever this institution lifts up its head and practises its death-dealing work. The standing anachronism this Sunday night of our modern civilisation is the legalised liquor traffic. The arch fiend and chronic criminal this night of our modern civilisation is the legalised liquor traffic. Such traffic is an enemy in its every expression touching human life. It begins with the individual. The liquor traffic is an enemy to the individual. Man in his tripartite nature is beaten upon and beaten to dust and to death by the liquor traffic.

Will you look at its effects on the human body? There it works its absolute destruction. Medical science from one end of the earth to the other rises up with one voice to testify that alcohol is a narcotic, is a poison, is detrimental to the human body. Such is

its testimony from the great world congress of scientists a little while ago in Europe, down to the last medical association presided over by that far-famed scientist, Dr. Mayo, down to our own honoured local medical society. We lift our hats to these local scientists when we think of their fidelity, their courage and their strength of character, day before yesterday, as their bodies passed a resolution that they would not vote for the retention of the liquor traffic in our midst, because it makes for the poison of the human body, and that continually.

The legalised liquor traffic also makes for the deterioration and the destruction of the mind, for the body marvellously reacts on the mind, and the physicians with one testimony everywhere tell us that in subtle, insidious fashion the powers of the mind are depleted along with the depletion of the powers of the body. And, then, the insurance companies come on, accrediting and corroborating the same truth by their merciless testimony. And, then, the great corporations, the railway systems, the gigantic systems of industry everywhere in the realm of legitimate business come with one voice and say, "We have reached the place when it is as clear to us as is the midday sun that the liquor traffic endangers our men's bodies and weakens our men's minds and lowers our men's efficiency." We have already reached the day when all legitimate businesses say, "We demand that the men who toil for us and with us shall be sober men."

And most of all, my fellow men, the liquor traffic is an enemy to man's soul. The crown and climax in

human life is man's relation to his personal Maker, and there issues from that great Maker one clear word that rings louder than the voice of many waters, "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven."

Nor is that all. The legalised liquor traffic in Dallas is an enemy to the home. The citadel in our fair land, both for church and for state, is the home. As goes the home, so shall go the church, so shall go society, so shall go civil government, so shall go everything in the social order; and whatever lifts up its hand and head against the home calls for the ballot of every right-thinking man that such enemy of the home may be exterminated from the face of the earth.

Have you heard the cry sometimes, "Oh, sir, you go your way and let liquor alone and liquor will let you alone"? That statement is a ghastly falsehood. You go back with me a few hours ago, when I had finished my morning sermon this very day, and was sitting in the quiet study there, and hear the story of a heart-broken young mother and wife as she said to me, "Sir, I have two children, one eight and one six; I have been as devoted a wife as I could be to the man who stood beside me under the orange blossoms and pledged that until death should part us he would guide me and take care of me; but he has gone his way and is wasting his substance in riotous living, and he is leaving me and the two babies crying for their father to the tender mercies of this pitiless world." Will you mock that mother's cry and say to her, "Let whisky alone and it will let you alone"? Or go back just two days ago, and there came to me a summons in this same Coli-

seum, to come to a little girl as she lay quietly dying, to comfort the mother whose heart was broken, not only because the little daughter was slipping away, but whose heart was broken, further, because the baby's father would not stay sober long enough to see his baby die, and would not bring money to care for the little child. That is a ghastly falsehood that says: "You let whisky alone and it will let you alone." The saddest sufferers to-night in this fair city of Dallas are not the men reeling in drunkenness and foaming out their shame, and who are cursing the preachers of Dallas, and the churches, and cursing this vast assemblage of business and professional men—their case isn't the most pitiful case. But the most pitiful case of all is the case of the little mother who to-night will put her children to bed without enough food because the father, the husband, the God-appointed protector of the home, is wasting his wages in drinking down damnation for his body, brain and soul.

Nor is that all. The legalised liquor traffic is an enemy, the greatest enemy of all, to civil government. The Gibraltar of bad politics in this whole land of ours is the legalised liquor traffic. It puts its slimy hands on every election on the face of the earth that it can possibly influence. It puts a fear in the hearts of men who ought to have conscience and courage to repel its insolence with all just righteousness. The legalised liquor traffic is the greatest crime producer in our whole civil government, and all statistics confirm it without the slightest hesitation. It was a legalised saloon from which a criminal went to send to

his death Abraham Lincoln; it was a saloon where Guiteau pushed before the bar and said, "Give me three strong drinks for I have got a big job to do in a little while," and he went from that saloon to take the life of our glorious President; it was a legalised saloon that in this city has wrought more shame and more corruption and more havoc and more loss than all other evil agencies combined.

Nor is that all. I am compelled to stand here tonight and voice my unyielding protest against the further reign of the legalised liquor traffic in Dallas, because the legalised liquor traffic in Dallas is the direst enemy that the business of Dallas has or has ever had on the face of the earth. The greatest economic waste and loss ever entailed upon the city of Dallas is entailed upon the city by the reign of the legalised saloon. My fellow citizens, that thing which does not give value received for what it gets is an economic loss and ought to be exterminated. The saloon business violates every principle that makes for stable commerce. It excites passions and abnormal appetites and makes for destruction, and not construction, wherever its reign is tolerated in the body politic. Take two or three concrete illustrations.

One of our outstanding government food experts tells us that if we would take the grain that is converted annually into alcoholic beverages in these our United States, and convert that grain into bread, it would make eleven million loaves of bread a day—enough to maintain all our armies fighting throughout the world to bring to death the reign of autocracy in

Germany. And yet there are some men who suppose that we will gulp it down when they tell us that such burning up of eleven million loaves of bread a day makes for business prosperity in this country! Fellow citizens, every legitimate business in all this fair city of Dallas is being cheated every day out of its just rights by the reign of the liquor traffic. I will give you another concrete illustration.

You take that drunken man that you saw on the streets of Dallas—I saw one of them foaming out his shame yesterday afternoon. His clothes were all torn and worn—he is an enemy to the clothing business in this city. His hat was all soiled and torn—he is an enemy to the hat business. His shoes were all down at the heel—he is an enemy to the shoe business in Dallas. He begged some of us for money to get a place to sleep and something to eat—he is an enemy to the hotel and restaurant business. He didn't look like he had had a shave in six weeks—he is an enemy to the barber business. I asked him if he had a home, and he said no, what did he want with a home?—he is an enemy to the carpenter business, to the hardware business, and every other legitimate business in this city.

Nor is that all, my fellow citizens. You go where the white banner of prohibition has floated throughout these American states and has had its fair trial; go where I have gone, to fair Atlanta, that wonderful gate city of the South; go to Birmingham, Alabama, that city aspiring fast to be the New York of the South; go yonder to Denver; go to Seattle—cities all somewhat in the class of Dallas—and the business men

and the professional men will rise up with practically one voice and tell you, "We have tried prohibition; we would not for business reasons go back to the saloon for anything on earth." Twenty-six American states float that white flag, and in many of the other states the white flag floats, and it is floating faster with every coming and going week, and, please God, is to float a little later over every spot of America's soil.

I call your attention still further, my neighbours and fellow citizens—I ask you to consider with me what is legitimate business? Stealing is not legitimate business; gambling is not legitimate business; immorality is not legitimate business—and the crowning paragon of immorality in this country is the legalised liquor traffic—that's not legitimate business. You ask me what gives a country prosperity—you ask me what gives a country success. Success is a charmed word; for success men rise early and toil late; they tunnel mountains; they span rivers; they set forth for the North Pole, for success. What is success in any city or country? There is an old Book that tells us, and the old Book is not mistaken. Listen to it: "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people." That success which comes at the expense of morals and goodness and home and love and character and human life is the mirage of success; it's a cloud without any water; it is as the apples of Sodom that will kill us if we eat too many of them.

And still again—I shall vote to-morrow for the end of the reign of the saloon in Dallas, because, fellow citizens, it is a conviction as deep as my heart's blood

that it is just as criminal and disgraceful for a city to run a saloon as it is for one man to run it, and I am not willing to be in the saloon business as a citizen of Dallas. I am not willing to be in the saloon business as a citizen of Texas. I am not willing to be in the saloon business as a citizen of these United States —and every time that citizens seek by their votes to keep the saloon going, or by their failure to vote to make the saloon stop—every citizen who does that is a party and a partner in the legalised liquor traffic of this country. President McKinley well said when one day that great-hearted citizen spoke concerning the liquor traffic: "Fellow citizens, understand what you are voting for; when you vote for the continuance of the legalised liquor traffic you become a partner and a shareholder in all the woes and crimes and the death-dealing harvest that follows that traffic." You can't escape that logic.

Some time ago, in one of our cities, a police judge had before him a man who had committed a fearful crime in one of the saloons in that city only a few nights before, and the testimony disclosed at the trial that the police judge owned the saloon, and in the saloon owned by the police judge the man bought and drank the inflaming liquor, and from the saloon went out to commit his fearful crime; and now he is arraigned before the judge that owned the bar that sold the whisky and the judge is to try him and pass sentence on him! My fellow citizens, that is the most ghastly incongruity in our modern civilisation. And that is the exact picture in the city of Dallas, and in

the State of Texas just as long as our city and state are willing to give a license to the liquor traffic. No man can demur to his responsibility. If men do evil in a great group, they can't hide it because they are involved in a crowd. If a thousand men plan to commit murder and only one goes out to commit it, the whole thousand are guilty of the fearful crime of murder. Lady Macbeth, with her lily-white hand, may say, "I did not plunge the dagger into the heart of Duncan," but Lady Macbeth is guilty of the crime of murder, because she encouraged and advised a man to do it, and she is equally guilty with him in the crime of murder. Now, when you face that situation, my fellow citizens, you are facing a responsibility that may well give every serious man terrific occasion to pause and to tremble. I am my brother's keeper, and wherever by a positive deed or by an action negative I can help my brother, then I am commissioned and sent forth of God on that constructive mission of helping, and not of hurting, and I shall answer at last for the way I shall treat my brother. Stopford Brooke voiced it for us in his little poem:

"Three men went out one summer night,
No care had they or aim,
And dined and drank—'Ere we go home'—
They said, 'We'll have a game.'

Three girls began, that summer night,
A life of endless shame,
And went through drink, disease and death
Swift as the racing flame.

Lawless, homeless and foul they died;
Rich, loved and praised, those men;—
But when they all shall meet with God
And justice speaks, what then?"

Fellow citizens, I am not willing to be a party to the bartering away of the civic purity of the city of Dallas for any mess of pottage, however big that mess of pottage may be.

What are the pleas that are made to encourage us to retain the liquor business in Dallas? I have read something of the advertising matter that has so profusely spread itself out on the pages of many papers, and I have searched through much of it to see what contentions these who champion the liquor traffic make to induce us to consent to the retention of such traffic now and all through the indefinite future, and I have found three pleas urged upon us for retaining this traffic. In one, we are told, to begin with, that it is an infringement of personal liberty to take liquor away from the people. That's the cry of every evil on the face of the earth. Evil that is asked to abdicate its hold on the home and on human society comes back always with the cry that you are infringing on its rights. Every intrenched immorality on the face of the earth has from time immemorial made such pretext. But listen, my fellow men, evil has no rights on the earth—not one. Evil is an impertinence; evil is a presumption; evil is an intruder; evil is an interloper; —and our business, please God, is to drive evil wherever we find it from the face of the earth. But I call

your attention a moment more to that specious plea about infringing on personal rights. Whenever anything becomes a public nuisance, no matter who owns that thing, the citizenship rises up and abates that public nuisance. You let some man, through some freakish fancy, take half a dozen mad dogs down through the city of Dallas to-morrow, and he may plead all he pleases about being the owner of those dogs, but these policemen commissioned by His Honour, the Mayor, will shoot those dogs to death as fast as their guns will fire—they are a public nuisance. You let a stream of water in this community be the breeding place for sickness and all sorts of physical poison, and no matter who owns that stream or well or lake, it will be abated at once by the proper civil authorities as a public nuisance.

I was at the cantonment in the last month or two, at the city of Deming, New Mexico. It was unspeakably interesting to me as I talked to those various groups of workers, thirty thousand of them, and to those earnest officers who were encouraging and instructing those thirty thousand men—it was wonderfully interesting to hear them say, "Uncle Sam, commissioned by Woodrow Wilson, sent the word down to Deming to close all the saloons up in one hour —or take the serious consequences." And every saloon was closed.

And then the protagonists of the saloon bring to us another plea. They tell us that we may pass this law as much as we will, but that you can't enforce a law for prohibition. I protest from my deepest heart

against any such impeachment. That doctrine which they proclaim, telling us that if we pass this law it cannot be enforced and will not be enforced, I protest against it with every fibre of my being. That doctrine is the cry of the red-shirted anarchist. That doctrine is a reflection on all our constabulary in this city. That doctrine is an impeachment of the highest citizenship of this fair city, which citizenship will know how to enforce that law as soon as that law is placed on the statute books. But you go where the white banner of temperance waves, and you will find that more and more they are enforcing it, just as they enforce a law against burglary, and just as they enforce a law against murder and all the catalogue of crimes that are spoken of on the criminal statutes.

But the crowning argument and climax of pleading which these who say that we must retain the liquor traffic in Dallas—their crowning climax is that, if we should let it pass from Dallas, Fort Worth would be such a marvellous gainer it would be enough to break our hearts. I know the people of Fort Worth, one of the fairest cities in all our fair state. It was my privilege to speak to them a few weeks ago a dozen days hand-running, and they long, myriads of those noble citizens in Fort Worth long—as a sick man longs through the night for the coming of the morning,—for that city and this city and all the rest of our cities to be rid of the incubus of the liquor traffic. And then you and I will make answer, the same answer that I heard an honest mechanic make yesterday on the streets of Dallas. He was asked, "Do you have a

son?" He said, "Yes, sir, one;" and he added with sad voice, "I have two sons-in-law who are going the downward ways of booze to their ruin and the ruin of my daughters." And then the question was put to him, "Would you want your son to have to go to Fort Worth to get a drink?" "Yes, and as much further as possible I would want him to have to go." You let them, gentlemen, go to Fort Worth to fill up on booze, and come back to Dallas to make night one hideous carnival for women and helpless children—compel them to go thirty miles, and we will bring to an end the reign of licentiousness and bestiality of drunkenness in this city that will make the city breathe easier and feel freer than any day it has known from its first day until to-day.

Fellow citizens, what will be the outcome of this victory that we are going to have to-morrow—and we will have it, please God, if men vote like I think they ought when they come to the ballot box—what will be the outcome? The outcome will be that we will give the best advertisement to Dallas that she ever had from the day she started on the banks of the Trinity River till to-morrow night, when we send out the statement that we are done with being partners with the most evil institution our country ever saw, we are done with it forever in the city of Dallas. I speak to you, my fellow citizens, the sober truth when I tell you that statement will be a better advertisement for Dallas than when she got the Federal Reserve Bank. It will be a better advertisement for Dallas than any skyscraper she has ever erected. And all over this im-

perial commonwealth the citizens of our progressive state, looking to Dallas as their most progressive city in the realm of industry, will rise up with one glad voice and say, "Dallas proposes to lead all Texas in morality and clean citizenship." What must this victory mean to us to-morrow? It means that we will release a vast pile of property, not to be consumed in poison and in making poison any further, but to be consumed in our city in legitimate channels of trade and business. What else does it mean? It means that we shall be parties in the rescuing of every saloon man and his family in the city of Dallas from one of the most degrading businesses to which he can put his thoughts and his hands. I believe the saloon men of Dallas know that I am their friend. I am the friend of every man on the face of the earth. I would get up at the hour of midnight and go through any kind of weather to befriend any human being. I repeat—I believe the saloon men of Dallas know that I am their friend. Since I returned to the city within the last few days, I did what I have been doing week by week for years past—I stood by the mourners to give what comfort I could when death had spread his sable wings about a family. Time and again I have met with the stricken family of a saloon man yonder in Oakland Cemetery and the other cemeteries of our city. Time and again I have been with them as the sands of life galloped away from the child or wife or other loved one. Once more, I repeat—I believe the saloon men of Dallas know that I am their friend; and because I am their friend, so help me God, I must

go to the limit to extricate them from the business that will damn them and their families for time and eternity if they are not extricated soon. There are skeletons in their closets, just as there are skeletons in other closets; there are longings for deliverance, just as other men long to be free from an evil way. Some of the biggest-hearted men in this fair city are men who seem to me to be linked with that fearful business. I come and stand beside them and beside their trembling wives and beside their children, and I say, "Our purpose is to do you good, God help us, and it is not to do you harm." Yonder in the reign of Charles I of England, you remember how the wife of the big brewer there in England, Ann Stugg, herself led a great group of women right to the door of the House of Commons, to beg that House of Commons to relieve the saloon men and their families from a business that was working their utter destruction.

Once more—I am for saving men, the saloon man as well as anybody else, and his family the same as any other family. I am for saving all the people, for both this world and the world hereafter. I am for saving that weak man, who will be caught in the meshes of the saloon, and become a drunkard, and will die a drunkard if we don't close the saloons of Dallas. He will be a sober man, and make a good husband, and make a good father, if we will stop those places of temptation and death. I am for saving them all. I am for saving the little boys who a few years hence will have their feet in our shoes and be fighting for Dallas. And this city and county will breathe easier

and be a safer place for all the people, when a few hours later it shall be freed from the curse of the legalised saloon, if this shall be our final decision.

And so I come now to you in a final appeal, my fellow citizens, and this is my appeal—vote one time like you ought to vote. Consider, I pray you, the significance and the responsibility of that little white piece of paper, the ballot, that will be in your hand to-morrow, September 10th—a little white piece of paper, but, oh, how much it represents! Think, will you, when you come to vote, how much blood it cost men before us to put that little piece of paper in our hands! Think, will you, when you come to vote, what can be done with that little piece of paper! Crime can be stopped, and health can be safeguarded, and the weak can be protected, and justice can be established, and safety and honour can be enthroned in our city by the right use of that little white piece of paper to-morrow, when you come to vote,—"a weapon that comes down as still as snowflakes fall upon the sod, which executes a free man's will as lightning does the will of God." Vote right when you come to vote to-morrow.

I make my appeal to the business men of Dallas—and I am the friend and champion of every legitimate business of my city—I call upon these business men and professional men to join hands and hearts to-morrow, as we put that little white ballot in its proper place for the freedom of our city from its chiefest curse, to-day and forever.

I make my appeal to-night also to the young men of

Dallas. Oh, what an invaluable asset to the city of Dallas is her young men! I call to the young men of Dallas to take that ballot to-morrow and let it be a sword in your hand to help hack to pieces this Ahab of evil that has too long operated in our city. Young men have saved the day many a time: may they save it in Dallas, city and county, to-morrow! Young men saved the day in the French Revolution; young men saved the day at Marathon; young men saved the day for the American colonies; and young men from Dallas and Texas and America and our allied countries are going to save the day and make this world a safe place to live in. As these young men go out from Dallas, sober and clean and temperate, to fight the big battles for duty and for the right, to-morrow, let us who stay at home hold up their hands with the noblest vote that was ever cast in the city of Dallas.

IX

THE BAYLOR HOME-COMING[1]

In the name of the thousands of loyal Baylor sons and daughters now gathered here and scattered throughout the world, let me now gratefully say: "If we ever forget thee, O Baylor, may our right hands forget their cunning, and our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths."

Many conflicting emotions stir our hearts on this significant occasion. Memories of noble teachers and beloved fellow students come to us now, like some sweet dream of the morning. Where is the tongue that can pay a worthy tribute to Waco, the Athens of our Imperial State, and the sympathetic habitat of our beloved Alma Mater? What student's tongue can adequately voice the debt of gratitude that thousands of us owe to the teachers and to the local trustees of this oldest University in Texas? Whose voice can declare it as it ought to be declared, that the most splendid stronghold of Christian culture that Texas has ever had is Baylor University; and that to her, more than to any other seat of learning in Texas, are traceable those mighty influences which have made our commonwealth what she is to-day? What son or daughter of this old school can ever portray, in worthy fashion,

[1] Address delivered at the Baylor University Home-Coming, November 24, 1909.

the meaning of the friendships formed, the hopes aroused, the inspirations received, the clear and growing visions of service and power that came to us here, during our halcyon days as students? To pay our best homage to our noble Alma Mater, to see and get better acquainted with our younger brothers and sisters, to recall memories and renew associations touching some of the happiest and most meaningful days in our earthly life, is the simple explanation of this Home-Coming occasion. Surely it must be alike happy and honourable for the old boys and girls thus to come back, if only for a few hours, that our hearts may here together pause, and our brains find repose, in recalling the days and deeds that were ours, when we were here as students. And as we come back, the rest and the joy of home already fill our hearts, and we echo the strains of Keble's gentle muse:

"Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look,
When hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook;
The haunt of all affections pure."

The old Greeks had a saying that wherever was a Greek, there was Greece. Even so, wherever there is a Baylor man or woman, there is Baylor. An institution of learning is known not alone by its habitat, but also by its output. Such an institution, therefore, is not of the present, and for it alone, nor of the past alone. It envelops past, present and future. The modest mother in some obscure country home, if once

a Baylor girl, may lovingly tell her children that she is yet a Baylor girl. The white-haired men and women who have fought life's battles, and who now wait in the evening shadows, for a summons from the Infinite Teacher to enter the perfect University on high, are Baylor's children yet, if, either at Independence or at Waco, they were ever Baylor students. Grey hairs do not separate our vast Baylor family, neither does poverty nor riches, nor yet does change of location. Whether past, present or future, the sons and daughters of Baylor are and shall be her children forever.

WHAT OF BAYLOR'S PAST?

Her past furnishes a record that, for daring faith, inspiring example, and courageous achievement, cannot be excelled, if equalled, by any other American institution of learning. The early years of Texas furnished a theatre of as wonderful heroism, thrilling romance, and significant achievements, as ever before occurred in the history of the American people. One of our poets quite strikingly pictures our great country, as she stood before the first footprints of civilisation were made upon her savage shores. He represents her as lifting her eyes to heaven, in fervent prayer to God, and saying:

"Bring me men to match my mountains;
Bring me men to match my plains;
Men with empires in their purpose,
And new eras in their brains."

The God of nations answered that prayer, in the gift of some masterful men to Texas in her early days. Among those distinguished men was Hon. and Rev. R. E. B. Taylor, who was both a lawyer and a preacher, and whose career was to play such an important part in the welfare of Texas. Unusually noteworthy is the fact that in this goodly city of Waco, whose pre-eminent institution bears his name, Judge Baylor held the first court ever held in Waco, and preached the first sermon ever heard in this community. We stand with uncovered head, this hour, at the mention of his immortal name. And, likewise, reverent are the feelings of our hearts at the mention of other immortal names —Graves, the first President of Baylor, Morrell, Huckins, Tryson, Houston, Garrett, Creath, Baines, William Carey Crane, and Rufus C. Burleson. Happy would be the privilege, if the limits of this hour allowed, to be permitted to pay a personal tribute to all these mighty men, and to a host of others, both departed and living. In this connection I am persuaded that you will agree with me that the names of two departed Presidents of this institution ought here to be spoken, and forever crowned with deathless honour—William Carey Crane and R. C. Burleson. To-morrow's programme provides that one who intimately knew him shall pay to President Crane the worthy tribute that his eminent life and labours so richly deserve. With uncovered head, and with emotions inexpressibly reverent, I pause for a moment to speak of President Burleson. His was a personality of extraordinary mould. Providentially, and by his own deliberate pur-

pose, R. C. Burleson was remarkably fitted for his colossal life work. He had the sublimest of all heroisms—the heroism of endurance. With him there was no side life, no dallying with minor interests. But for his iron resolution, that deathless courage within him that would never waver before any obstacle, that consuming concentration of his life to one task, the history of Baylor University would have been far less glorious than it has been and is to-day. R. C. Burleson was a seer. He was a seer of worthy visions, and a dreamer of lofty dreams. Such a man is of far more value to the world than the man who builds railroads, and warehouses and banks. When Tennyson wrote "Crossing the Bar" he did more for civilisation than if he had built a thousand of the most splendid ocean liners that ever ploughed the sea. When Thomas Stevenson built the lighthouses which send their radiance over the tossing waters of the English Channel, he wrought, to be sure, a most valuable service for England and the world. But of far greater value is the work of his son, Robert Louis Stevenson, because he has taught us how to kindle a light within, how to keep the soul serene and steadfast in the face of pain and death. When Millet seized his brush and painted the "Angelus" on a bit of canvas that cost him three francs, he did more for labour and the labouring man than if he had seized a hoe and wrought for fifty years in the fields of France. The paramount benefactors of the world are not the men who add to the quantity of our material possessions, but those who deepen the quality of mental and moral character. "A man's life

consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." "Unless there is something that a man holds dearer than money, he is a poor man, or a bad one." Like Moses, R. C. Burleson consecrated his life to the highest welfare of the people, enduring through all the strenuous years, as seeing Him who is invisible. Thus serving his generation by the will of God, from the flush of young manhood, until he fell on sleep at a ripe old age, his name is and shall forever be enshrined in the hearts of a great and grateful people.

WHAT OF OUR RELATION TO BAYLOR'S HISTORIC PAST?

On this happy Home-Coming occasion, it is both appropriate and right that we exult in the grandeur of Baylor's past. But we shall make a mockery of this epochal occasion if we fail to recognise the tremendous debt that the Present owes to the Past. Baylor University is now the growth of sixty-four years of fidelity, and sacrifice, and blood. Sacrifice is the law of all progress. The grain of wheat must fall into the ground and die, if any harvest is to be had from it. All the priceless privileges and blessings of life are made sacred to us when we remember what they cost. This cost may be seen even in the lower realm of material things. Not a day can we live but something must die to make food for the sustaining of our life. The miner must crouch and toil in the darkness to dig out the fuel for our winter fires. The worm must weave its own life into threads of silk, and the sheep must

shiver in the chilly air that we may have their fleeces to cover us. The diver must know the peril and anguish of cruel seas, in order to get the gems and jewels which are so proudly worn as ornaments. The beasts must die that men may have the warmth and comfort of winter furs. Every blessing that we enjoy comes to us at the price of weariness and pain, sometimes of anguish and tears, in those who procure and prepare it for us.

As we advance to a higher sphere, this same truth finds constant illustration. The books we read with so much pleasure and profit, the great thoughts that inspire our hearts to worthy doing, are many times the fruit of sorest cost to their authors. Men of the past have had to pass through darkness and doubt to learn the lessons of conquering faith and hope, which they have written in such fair lines for us. Well may we exult in our splendid civilisation, in our wonderful advancement, in our beneficent government, in our culture, in our schools and churches, in all our free institutions. But do we remember that all these have come to us from the toils and sacrifices, the tears and the bloody sweat of those who have gone before us? All that is noble and good in our present comes to us out of the toils and sacrifices of the past, and should be sacred to every loyal heart. Heaven itself can be entered only by way of a cross.

Indebted as we are to the past, the sons and daughters of to-day should hail it as their highest privilege to make efficient and glorious the work begun by our fathers and mothers of yesterday. What would it

profit if David should prepare with all his might for the building of God's temple, if Solomon should be unfaithful in carrying out his father's plans? Of what significance would it be that the Declaration of Independence was signed, and that the old State House bell rang out the joyous announcement of a nation's birth on July 4, 1776, if our nation should fail to-day to be worthy of the living and the dying of its founders and defenders? We sometimes speak of a "lost cause." Is not any and every cause of the father's a "lost cause" when the children are untrue to it? God's plan evermore is that the work of those who went before should not be made complete, without the work of those who follow after. The only perfect life which the world ever knew, left something of its filling out to be done by those who should come after Him.

Here, then, is a most serious question for the sons and daughters of Baylor to-day. Does the heritage bequeathed us by the fathers come into unwilling and unworthy hands? Is Baylor's history to be shamed or honoured, because we are a part of the Baylor family? Is this institution to lose or to gain that once you and I were students here, or that you are now her student? It is indeed a glorious privilege to be a member of a race, or a nation, or a family, or a school, with a noble history. But unless the sense of such privilege quickens our purpose to live up to and carry forward, and to make better the history already made, then it would have been far better that such privilege had been denied us. The serious question is not whether you are proud of your grandfather, but whether your

grandfather would be proud of you. Napoleon, standing at the head of his army in Egypt, said: "Soldiers, from those pyramids forty centuries look down on you." Sixty-four years of heroic Baylor history look down upon this hour, and with myriad voices they ask that Baylor's children to-day may faithfully defend and carry forward the aims and ideals of Baylor's historic past.

"Noble things the great Past promised,
Holy dreams, both strange and new,
But the Present shall fulfil them,
What he promised, she shall do."

WHAT OF BAYLOR'S PRESENT AIMS AND IDEALS?

With unfeigned gratitude, let it here be declared that the old-time aims and ideals of the Baylor of yesterday, are the ones that find enthronement in the Baylor of to-day. What are they? Baylor stands for thorough scholarship, for the democracy of merit, for a lofty patriotism, for a living Christianity. Are not these aims and ideals worthy of our noblest loyalty, our most fervent admiration? Glance at them for a moment.

Baylor stands for the thorough education of all classes and callings. Her conviction is that the sure foundations of states are laid in knowledge, not in ignorance. Her observation is that the world's leaders have always been trained from the day when Themis-

tocles led the educated Athenians against the Persians at Salamis, to the day when Von Moltke marshalled the educated Germans against France. Every sneer, therefore, at a book of learning, which is the recorded experience of mankind, is the demagogue's sneer at intelligent liberty, inviting national degradation and ruin.

Baylor believes that men of business should be scholars, the merchant, the banker, the farmer, the ranchman, the blacksmith, men in every realm of labour. She believes this because the relations of business life become more complex and far-reaching every day. There are no longer any hermit nations. The railways and steamships have made distant continents near neighbourhoods. The telegraphs and telephones have turned the whole world into one great whispering gallery. More and more does business life become the open door to other spheres of intellectual activity. Business men now crowd the halls of state and national legislatures. It is a happy thing that it is so. All these men ought to be educated.

Baylor believes that professional men should be scholars. It has long been common to speak of the professions of medicine, law and theology as the learned professions. I pause to say that the professions of medicine and law are to-day in some danger of losing this honour. If you will look over the names of the graduates of many schools of law and of medicine you will see that the proportion of well-trained college graduates among them is discouragingly small.

It is nothing short of a public calamity for an unprepared doctor or lawyer to be turned adrift to practise his ignorance on an innocent and unsuspecting public. Still stronger words must be spoken concerning the young preacher of to-day, who can, but will not, thoroughly prepare himself for his matchless calling. Any tendency upon the part of such young preacher to choose "soft electives" in his college course, or to take "short cuts" in his training, is inexcusably bad. It is the very same spirit that advertises itself in wildcat speculations in business. Such a spirit will make charlatans but not scholars. It is a species of dilettanteism not to be tolerated by a self-respecting institution or individual. Whatever ripens fast decays soon. The element of time must enter into all worthy culture. Christ waited thirty years before performing a miracle. The young preacher who thinks that he is a genius, and does not need to go through the ordinary process of preparation, is much in need of being brayed in the mortar about which Solomon spoke. For the danger is that such a man will soon be braying in some church pulpit, to the terrible discomfiture of a long-suffering people, if he be not brayed beneath some college pestle. Decadence in the pulpit means decadence everywhere. Christianity is largely judged by sermons. Baylor believes that the preacher who is not willing to make the noblest preparation should speedily repent and do better.

Baylor believes profoundly in the democracy of true merit. The dream of Burns has been literally fulfilled, at every step of Baylor's history.

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That Sense and Worth, o'er all the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that."

Not even the faintest breath of snobbishness has ever been tolerated here, either by teacher or by students. The spirit of true democracy has ever had reign in this place, and the student is judged by what he is, rather than by what he has.

Baylor has always stood for the loftiest patriotism. Her never-ceasing insistence has been that we are to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's. What student can ever forget Baylor's motto in yonder old chapel: "Pro Ecclesia, Pro Texana!" Baylor believes in the language of Lowell, that "This government was founded by scholars, and it can be defended only by the self-sacrificing devotion of scholars." If well-trained men sit at home, complaining that things do not go right in the country, then, as the scholarly George William Curtis would say: "Ours is not a government mastered by ignorance; it is a government betrayed by intelligence. It is not a victory of the slums; it is the surrender of the schools. It is not that bad men are politically shrewd; it is that good men are political infidels and cowards." The ballot has been won by the bloody sweat of centuries, and he who fails to use

it in the noblest way is recreant to one of life's highest duties, and false to one of life's most sacred trusts. Baylor teaches that it is cheap dignity and a selfish policy for any citizen to imagine that it is beneath his dignity to serve his country. Education is a misnomer and an ornament useless if it is too good to be used for the political welfare of the people. The best scholarship is to-day needed in political life, rightly to apprehend and forcefully to discuss the vital questions that constantly agitate public thought—the questions of temperance, and socialism, the tariff, protected suffrage, the questions of labour and capital, of immigration, annexation, arbitration, and many more. Along the whole line of political life, Baylor insists that it behooves all good men constantly to strive to raise the standard of political morality. She unceasingly insists that nothing can be politically right which is morally wrong; and that, therefore, in all departments of political life, the highest moral principles should always be recognised. Evermore does righteousness exalt a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people.

Baylor has yet another ideal, higher than all the rest, and around which all the rest revolve. She believes that the highest form of education is impossible if it be not Christian. She believes that the salvation of the individual, the home, the church, the state, all institutions, depends upon the Christian religion. She believes that no conscience can be given adequate vitality and vigour that does not feed at the breast of religion. Without apology, therefore, she holds that that education is partial and imperfect, leaving its possessor morally crippled, which overlooks man's re-

ligious relations. The tree of knowledge may be the tree of death as well as the tree of life. Greece and Rome were never more cultured in literature and art than when they appalled even the pagan nations, that surrounded them, by their horrible corruptions. There may be great intellectual power where there is neither loyalty nor truth, love for man, nor reverence for God. Not the vastness of a country's territory, nor the number of its people, nor the aggregate amount of its wealth, nor the strength of its army and navy, not even the intelligence of the people, can make a country permanently great. The unbroken lesson of history shows that the character of the people is a country's most vital asset; and such character cannot be made symmetrical and strong, and the spirit of a people be preserved in freedom and vigour, without the superhuman help of the Christian religion. So long as the truth about God is the foundation of all other truth, Baylor holds that the truths of the Bible should form a fundamental part of the instruction of a college curriculum. Its literary merits alone entitle the Bible to be a textbook in every school of the world. Why should a student study Herodotus and not Moses, who is the true father of history? Why should we study Homer and not Isaiah, who surpasses the epic poets of Greece? Why should we study Aristotle and neglect the noble Paul? No other book has given to the world such ethics for man's government, such assurances for man's hope and such atonement for man's guilt. The Bible is the very soul of every high thing that characterises human society. It is not only God's book of morals and mercy to the individual, but it is

also His book for society and civilisation. Even Huxley was perplexed to know whence would come our aspirations to heroic conduct if the study of the Bible should be abandoned. The surpassing task of any and every people is the worthy religious training of the young; and without such training, a country is palsied at its very heart, and ere long must disintegrate and perish. If, therefore, Baylor is charged with being narrow, because, forsooth, she magnifies the Bible, her answer is that the Bible is the biggest and broadest book in the world, and that true Christian education cannot be narrow. Narrow education is that which rules the Bible out, sneers at the faith of others, teaches the student that unbelief is liberality, and that faith in Christ is stupidity. Baylor is ready to meet the issue, whenever and wherever the superiority of Christian education shall be called in question.

Baylor has a still further word to say concerning Christian education, and that word relates to the teacher. The personality of the teacher is of measureless moment in the instruction of the student. The mere technical mastery of a given department of knowledge is only a part of a teacher's stock in trade. Personality counts for as much as instruction, or more. Indeed, no true instruction is possible without a vigorous personality. It is personality that teaches in the most telling way. Not his reflections upon truth and beauty, but Socrates himself, embodying such conceptions, transformed his Athenian disciples. Not his thesis on the church door at Wittenberg, but Luther's flaming heart aroused and emancipated Germany. Not Puritanism as a theory, but Puritanism incarnated

in Cromwell and Hampden, transformed England. Not a written declaration, but that declaration organised into Washington, Adams and Jefferson, wrought out our nation's independence. The very genius of teaching is truth in personality. Mighty is the written Word of God, but the Word never conquered until it became flesh. Always the printed philosophy is less than the speaking philosopher. Truth in personality is life and power. Wallace and Bruce had their power over the clansmen, not by written orders, but by riding at the head of the host. By the torch of burning speech, Peter and Bernard kindled the ardour of the old Crusaders. Savonarola's arguments were brought together in a solid chain of logic, but it has been well said that his flaming heart made that chain of logic to be chain lightning. Teachers impart themselves to their pupils. The gain, therefore, to a pupil is incomparable when the teacher frequents the prayer meeting with as much regularity as he does his lecture room. Standing in this great presence, and speaking for the thousands of Baylor's sons and daughters, I would now put a coronet of everlasting gratitude upon the head of every teacher in Baylor, whether living or dead, who has taught us, both by precept and example, that unbelief is irrational and stupid, and that the fountain head of all our privileges, hopes and blessings is in the religion of One whose name is Jesus.

WHAT OF BAYLOR'S FUTURE?

Once, in company with a friend, James Russell Lowell crossed the Alps from Italy toward Germany.

Reaching the highest summit of the mountains, Mr. Lowell gazed back upon Italy and with uncovered head exclaimed: "Glories of the past, I salute you!" His friend turned his face to Germany and with uncovered head exclaimed: "Greater glories of the future, I salute you!" Gathered as we now are to pay homage to our Alma Mater, we recall her past, and with uncovered heads we say: "Glories of the past, we salute you!" And now we turn our faces to Baylor's future and with uncovered heads and thrilling hearts, we say, "Greater glories of the future, we salute you!"

Our debt to the past also lays upon us a debt to the future. Just as our fathers and mothers laboured and suffered for Baylor, and we have entered into their labours and sufferings, even so, by faithful service to Baylor, are we to bless those who shall come after us. If Baylor's greatest days are yet to be, then her sons and daughters of to-day must lay well to heart their weighty obligations to the noble mother.

We must magnify as never before the superior purpose of Christian education. The greatest peril of the land to-day is secularism. Its baleful spirit enters the home, the church, the school, every realm, however high and holy. Never before, perhaps, have the allurements of material progress and success been more potent than they are to-day. The hypnotic word of our present day vocabulary is material success. Only ideals, enthusiasms and institutions great enough and religious enough to lift the people above their material and selfish interests can save them. On grounds of the highest patriotism, therefore, we are called upon to build and make mighty the Christian school.

Beyond question there is an ominous trend to-day to separate the college and the university from the control of religious denominations. I cannot here stop to discuss the causes, but we must reckon with the fact. Behind such trend, giving it direction and power, is organised wealth; and to such trend is also being given a sympathy from sources, where, by every principle of equity and righteousness, the people have the right to expect better things. But what has Baylor to say to such trend? She does not hesitate a moment to give her answer. And that answer is that no amount of money can for one moment tempt her to submit to a divorcement between culture and faith. The religious convictions of the human heart are the profoundest, and at the same time the broadest. Baylor will not barter these for any mess of pottage, however large. But she will open wide her doors to men of every creed and of none, saying to them all that no training can be truly liberal which is not truly Christian. Such institutions of learning are the indispensable need of our day; and all our education will play into the hands of unbelief, immorality and anarchy when such institutions are allowed to perish from the earth.

Whatever the cost, it is not doubted that Baylor will remain true to the traditions and ideals of the fathers. She will not be ashamed of the noble denomination that has founded and fostered her. But she cannot be what she ought to be in the world without the constant and noblest loyalty of her children. The noble old mother calls upon her children to see that her name is not tarnished, and that her work is not hindered. The sons and daughters of Baylor can themselves put

the old mother where her work for them and for the world will grow larger and grander with the setting of every sun. Numberless voices out of the past, and in the present, and from the future, call upon Baylor's children to provide worthy endowment for the largest opportunity and service of their mother. The call is clear and its obligation mighty. We have everything to inspire us to make a worthy answer to such call. Our Baylor's big bodied, bigger-brained, and still bigger-souled President of to-day, and his worthy fellow-labourers, are so guiding the old school as to give her ever-increasing prestige and power. Can we fail these living leaders, in such a valiant cause? And can we fail the valiant leaders dead? What a cloud of departed witnesses look down upon this occasion and beckon us to be true to Baylor! Their influence is all about us. They make us prouder of our common humanity. They rule our spirits from their sacred urns. Spirits of Baylor's noble dead, Baylor, and Graves, and Burleson, and Crane, and Tanner, and Boggess, and Long, and Greer, and all the rest, let the memories of what you did for Baylor provoke the noblest loyalty and love in the heart of Baylor's every child, to-day and forevermore!

Once more, in the name of all the thousands of Baylor's sons and daughters now gathered here and scattered throughout the world, let me now gratefully say: "O Baylor, noble, beloved Alma Mater, if ever we forget thee, may our right hands forget their cunning, and our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths!"

X

BAYLOR'S DIAMOND JUBILEE[1]

President Brooks and Honour-Guests of Baylor; Fellow-Students of Baylor, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

The drama of history has grown apace and brought us to this crowning hour. Three generations of Baylor men and women are gathered here to-day to do honour to their beloved Alma Mater, and to pledge her anew the most grateful loyalty and the most unswerving co-operation in all the plans that she has for to-day and may have through the long to-morrow. Great-grandparents are here, together with their great-grandchildren, all alike members of our Baylor family. It is an occasion to awaken emotion in all our hearts too deep for words. One wonders to-day if out of that long line of noble Baylor presidents and teachers and trustees who have been gathered unto the Yonderland, one wonders if their spirits are not near us this very hour, the spirits of Burleson and Crane and Carroll and their contemporaries; one wonders if they are not now looking on us, and if so, certainly they are in joyful fellowship with this occasion.

"In every street, the shadows meet,
Of Destiny, whose hands conceal

[1] An address delivered at Baylor University's Diamond Jubilee, June 16, 1920.

The moulds of Fate that shape the State,
And make or mar the common weal.

"Around I see the powers that be,
I stand by empire's primal springs,
And princes meet in every street
And hear the tread of uncrowned kings."

The story of the founding and growing of Baylor University will forever constitute one of the most thrilling epics in the history of educational institutions. One thinks of two scriptures as we are here assembled: "The little one has become a thousand," and "The handful of corn on the top of the mountain shakes like Lebanon."

It is indeed a happy event for us all as we are to-day gathered in this college family reunion, that there are now assembled with us here so many of the direct descendants and relatives of departed Baylor presidents and teachers and trustees. One would like to pause and pay tribute to an army of them, one by one, but the limitations of an hour like this will not allow. Quite confident am I that this vast Baylor family would have me express for us all our profound gratitude that two sons of two of Baylor's long-time presidents are here with us to-day, Richard A. Burleson, and Royston C. Crane.

Dr. Brooks: Colonel Crane also.

Dr. Truett: Yes, Colonel Crane also.

Prof. Pool: And George W. Baines, a son of another president.

Dr. Truett: Yes, Dr. Baines also. A host of cherished names could I call, if the limits of this hour allowed. This large Baylor family is stirred with emotion very deep that Postmaster-General Burleson, one of the kinsmen of the man who was longest the president of this institution, comes to us to-day with the earnestly sympathetic message from himself and from President Wilson. And certainly all this company of Baylor men and women, from the oldest grandfather to the youngest grandchild, would have me say that our gratitude is deeper than any words we can voice, that we have yet with us that gentle woman, who, for well-nigh two generations, has been spoken of by the great army of Baylor men and women as "Aunt Georgia," the queenly wife of Rufus C. Burleson. Wherever there is a Baylor man or woman in all the world to-day, the old mother here, Baylor, would send to him or her the most affectionate greetings.

Fellow-students of Baylor: The past challengingly calls to us, as we assemble on this historic occasion. The present is inexorably bound up with the past. We do well to take the long look backward, ever and anon, as well as the long look forward. Such long look will give us patience and poise and courage and fearlessness and faith. The ancient Hebrews, that mighty and resourceful race, never wearied of taking the backward look, and of chanting the virtues of their mighty dead, of talking about Moses, and Joshua, and Samuel, and Elijah, and David, and Solomon. And when the chiefest man of all the Christian centuries, namely, the Apostle Paul, came to speak about the past, he wrote

it down that he was moved inspiringly by the memory of the dead who had been gone for some fourteen hundred years. Baylor's past impressively calls to us today. As it was the task of the fathers to create, so it becomes the children's to preserve and perpetuate. The early history of Texas and of Baylor University is one of the most romantic chapters that has ever been written, or will be written, in the annals of American life. Faithfully has it been said: "A nation ashamed of its ancestry will be despised by its posterity." Whittier has pictured those earlier days for us:

> "We cross the prairies, as of old
> The Pilgrims cross the sea,
> To make the West, as they the East,
> The homestead of the free."

Cold is the heart and incapable is it of worthiest emotion, if it is not moved by the recital of the struggles and sacrifices and self-denials of the early men and women in Texas, who laid the foundations for Baylor University, and for the imperial commonwealth of Texas. The pioneer is ever an interesting and a challenging character. He is a pathfinder. He blazes the way through the wilderness. He puts the plough to the unturned sod, and the axe to the forests where sound of axe has never before been heard. The Texas pioneer was one of America's most important men. Side by side with his Bible lay his rifle, and if reports are to be credited, he was about as handy with

one as with the other, in those early days, as he needed to be. The early population of Texas was one of the most virile and consecrated that ever set foot in any new land. If you have taken the time to trace the history of those epochal days you have observed that along with the coming of men and women from all parts of our country there came to Texas in those early days many men and women of rare culture and education. It was out of minds and hearts like those that Baylor University was born and has been transmitted to this goodly hour. Where would you find men of larger significance in a country's life than Tryon, Huckins, and Baylor? Where would you find statesmen of more significance in building deeply and well a nation's life than Sam Houston and certain contemporaries in those early days gathered about him? Where would you find a soldier more important in serving civilisation's weal than General Ed. Burleson, and the heroes of the Alamo and Goliad and San Jacinto? We do well, fellow-students of Baylor, to hark back, in a day like this, to the mighty days and deeds of our immortal and hallowed dead. In the language of another: "God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain into the wilderness."

Baylor's past imposes upon the present weighty and solemn obligations. The past and the present are bound inexorably together. The nations stand together in one unbroken solidarity. One generation sows and another reaps. "Others have laboured and ye are entered into their labours." David may gather the materials with care and toil to build the noble

temple about which he dreams, but his son, Solomon, must take up the task unfinished by his father. And so the men and women of the present are to take up the tasks and heritages brought to us from the past, transmitted to us by the fathers, and we are to "carry on" as becometh men and women upon whom has come such a weighty heritage.

There are certain ideals that have always characterised this oldest institution of our imperial State, and here to-day are we to be highly resolved that these ideals and traditions shall not be lost, shall not be lowered, but shall be carried forward and made more enduring with every passing day.

Every Baylor man and woman instantly calls to mind two or three of the outstanding ideals and traditions of the dear old school. Baylor University stands forever for the aristocracy of service. Nor does she have patience at all with snobbishness from any quarter. "A man's a man for a' that." If you will go through her boarding halls and observe certain young men waiting on their comrades, that by such ministry they may continue in the old school to the end of their college days, you will find that these same men who thus minister to their comrades are as honoured as their comrades and share with them everywhere, in achievement and praise, all the estates of this historic university. There is only one aristocracy that is worth while at all and that is the aristocracy of service. The test of life is service. It was the great Master's test. "By their fruits you shall know them." What the world wants is service. Its wounds cannot be

staunched except by service. Its ignorance cannot be dispelled except by service. Its wrongs cannot be be righted, its injustices corrected, its grievances redressed, except by service. And Baylor, through all her years, stands in the expression of her culture, her education, for the highest and worthiest and most uplifting service.

And through these years Baylor has unwaveringly contended for the highest expression of patriotism, for love of country, for proper devotion to one's state. "Pro Ecclesia, pro Texana!" What Baylor man or woman has not heard that sounded in the ear a thousand times? Patriotism is one of the highest passions that stirs the human heart and has been from the day long gone when the weeping captives sat down beside the rivers of Babylon and vowed to one another that they never would forget Jerusalem. Baylor University has ever sounded out the note in the ears of her every student: "Go out and see to it that your community, your commonwealth, and your country are disenthralled from every evil thing and are lifted to the highest plane of citizenship and the worthiest expression of service." What a passion has been kindled in the hearts of Baylor men through all the years, the passion for country, for home, for native land, for the highest weal of the social order everywhere! Baylor students can well understand that cry of Rupert Brooke, in the Great War: "If I should die, think only this of me, that there's some corner of a foreign field that is forever England." Greece had her representative of patriotism, Aristides; Judæa had her David;

Rome had her Agricola; Carthage had her Hannibal; England had her Hampden; America had her Washington; and Texas had her Sam Houston and General Burleson and the heroes of the Alamo and Goliad and San Jacinto.

I must remind you, my fellow-students, that worthy patriotism costs—costs in time and in thought and in sacrificial service. And it behooves college men and women more than any other class to set themselves to the high task of being the highest and worthiest kind of patriots. 'Tis a reproach to the college man's education and to himself if he shall allow the affairs of state to go dragging in the mire, whereas, if his voice were lifted and his championship put forth, the highest things might be enthroned in human society everywhere.

The most important matter for a democracy is the right kind of leadership. And if we shall not get such leadership from our colleges and universities, from men and women who have been trained and disciplined and advised concerning the fundamental problems of history and the principles of government and of all life, disastrous must be the results to the entire social order. If college men are willing to sit idly by and receive their education and gloat over it as the miser gloats over his gold, if they are willing for incompetent politicians, for soap-box orators, for those long-haired persons with dandruff on their collars and all sorts of half-baked reforms in their heads, for doctrinaire social reformers to harass and harangue the people with half-baked theories, then they must see consequences

to their own country and to their own homes to the last degree disastrous. I must affirm in this presence to-day that the most commanding call in American life this hour is for her college men and women to get into the big game of life and see to it that the right things are enthroned in the social order everywhere. Righteousness, and that alone, exalteth a nation; righteousness in all relations. "In righteousness shalt thou be established." The law of national stability is unchangeable. There can be no substitutes for righteousness. Without it, civilisation is built on the shifting sands.

"Woe unto thee, O land, when thy king is a child!" That was the old Hebrew proverb, and the meaning of such proverb is immediately evident to us all. Woe to that country when its leaders, whether in state or church, are incompetent men, untrained men, unprepared men! The college has the task of training the leadership of the land, both for church and for state, and likewise of training the future leadership of the land in the realm of business. Doesn't it matter what principles obtain in the realm of business? Democracy this hour has two outstanding enemies. On the one hand is the autocratic capitalist who has not had an idea for long years above the thought that his business is for himself, without any regard to the high implications of business for his fellow men. And the other enemy to democracy is the violent agitator, with his half-baked theories, who goes to and fro denouncing and pulling down, without offering anything patriotic or constructive in its stead. It is for the college

man to come on the scene and to see to it that democracy is intelligent, and that it is impassioned with the highest motives and the loftiest ideals.

Two contending ideas are in the world and have been in the world through the long years: the idea of democracy and the idea of autocracy. On the one hand is the idea of the worth of the one man, find him where you will, and the duty of crowning him with his inalienable rights. Over against that idea is the idea of autocracy, that a few may have the rest of us in their vest-pockets and pass down to us such privileges and powers as in their superior thinking they may deem safe for us. These two ideas have been in conflict through the long centuries, and 'tis one mission of the college to see to it that democracy faithfully conserves the rights of the common man, his inalienable, indefeasible, God-given rights.

Thus democracy and autocracy have met on many a field of battle through the long centuries. In the recent World War, to which General Burleson has made such earnest and patriotic references—democracy and autocracy met on a world-scale. In the beginning of the twentieth century, autocracy dared to crawl out of its ugly lair and to propose to substitute the doctrine of the jungle for the doctrine of human brotherhood. The issue was squarely joined and, through long years, was enacted the ghastliest drama of death that this earth has ever seen. There was nothing for democracy to do but to join issues and hold the line in that incomparable contest, until autocracy was certified once for all that it must go back to the ugly lair from which it

came and never dare to put up its oppressive head in the earth again.

We said throughout that conflict, said it in every nook and corner of America, that some things in the world are worth dying for. Very well, if they are worth dying for they are worth living for.

> "Though love repine and reason chafe,
> There comes a voice without reply,
> 'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
> When for the truth he ought to die."

We said some things are worth dying for, and our boys, bonnie and brave, heard it from Ocean to Ocean, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, and they went forth under the glow and inspiration of that great truth. What are some of the things worth dying for? You know them before I speak of them. The sanctity of womanhood is worth dying for. The safety of childhood is worth dying for. The integrity of one's country is worth dying for. The majesty of righteousness is worth dying for. And, please God, the freedom and honour of the United States of America are worth dying for!

High over all nations is humanity. The demands of peace call for patriotism just as challengingly as the days of war, and we are now to seek to bring back to the days of peace, throughout the social order everywhere, that sacrificial spirit of patriotism that we carried to the World War, which turned the battle back from the gate. The home is to be exalted; the school

is to be exalted; public education is to be exalted; a free press is to be exalted; the courts and the ballot-box and all the proper agencies for the administration of law and order are to be exalted; and on every hand the worth of man, the rights and duties of the individual, all the relations that should obtain in human society should receive at our hands the worthiest exaltation.

What boots it that a country has crops of cotton outmeasuring any she has ever had before? That her ships of commerce whiten all the seas? That her banks are glutted with gold, if the country forgets that high over all is humanity? Emerson's test of civilisation is the true one, namely, "the kind of men that a country turns out." Civilisation in America, or anywhere else, is a dismal failure, if it puts banks and cotton and stocks and bonds above humanity. And therefore the great issue that recently called the world into that mortal combat is not yet concluded. We are dealing with the heritage of that frightful war, and must deal with it for many a day to follow this. Let us go in all our dealings, with the highest notes of righteousness and the highest notes for the welfare of humanity. Let our poets honoured and noble, our Mr. Markham here with us, and all the rest, keep on singing for us about brotherhood:

"The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star is Brotherhood.
For this will bring again to earth
Her long-lost poesy and mirth,

Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race.
And till it comes we men are slaves
And travel downward to the dust of graves.
Then clear the way, then clear the way!
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path—
Our hope is in the aftermath;
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led, to build the world again.
To this event the ages ran—
Make way for Brotherhood, make way for Man!"

That solemn and most effective phrase of the President of the Nation is not to be lost sight of in these days of ours, "the mandate of the dead." How shall they sleep who fell on Flanders Field, if we go back to the old basis of selfish rivalry and contention?

That other gifted poet, Mr. Noyes, prayerfully voices the yearnings of our hearts:

"Make firm, O God, the peace our dead have won!
For folly shakes the tinsel on its head
And points us back to darkness and to hell,
Cackling, 'Beware of visions,' while our dead
Still cry, 'It was for visions that we fell.'

"They never knew the game of secret power,
All that this earth can give they thrust aside:
They crowded all their youth into an hour,
And for one fleeting dream of right they died.
Oh, if we fail them in that awful trust,
How should we meet those voices from the dust?"

The crowning ideal for Baylor University through the long years has been her devotion to the Christian religion. Without apology or hesitation, Baylor has everywhere held forth the ideal and sounded out the contention that religion is the ultimate factor in civilisation, the determining factor in civilisation, and that without Christianity, civilisation, sooner or later, must collapse and crumble and die. Her building is on Christ who is the light and life and hope and righteousness of a needy world. "In Him all things consist." The supreme problem of the whole world is the problem of religion. Africa made more progress in a dozen years under the Christian leadership of Livingstone than it had made in a thousand years before. Surely, the whole world must now discern that irreligion is the world's one peril, that disobedience to God is inevitably the way of decay and death. Erskine, the eminent British author and jurist, states the case just as it is, when he says: "Depend upon it, the world could not be held together without morals, nor can morals maintain their station in the human heart without religion." It is not surprising that Macaulay wrote: "Whoever does anything to depreciate Christianity is guilty of high treason against the civilisation of mankind." Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow would Baylor sound out the clear and supreme note that no people can ignore God and live, that civilisation to be abiding and worthy must be built on Him who is the one mediator between God and men.

Baylor's past and present are bound up with the future in mighty obligations. We owe a great debt to

the past, and likewise do we owe a great debt to the future. We are to seek to preserve undimmed those ideals, and to hold forth faithfully those contentions that have entered with such remarkable meaning into the life of Baylor, and of the State, and of the Southwest, and into the regions far beyond.

What shall I say to my fellow-students of to-day about Baylor's to-morrow? Here at her shrine to-day we are all to pledge ourselves anew that we will go forth to care for her in the meaningful to-morrow, with all the devotion and ability of our lives. We are to see to it that when buildings and lands and equipments and endowments are needed, we will, to the last limit of our might, provide them whenever Baylor makes her call upon us. We have only to open our eyes to see that even now a half-dozen buildings are needed on this historic campus. There is urgently needed a building for the men's dormitory—happily it is going up; a new building likewise for the women is imperiously needed; a building for the law school, to be begun the next session, is needed; indeed, building after building, for administration, for teaching, for the expression of the multiform life of the great school, are manifestly needed and needed now. Lands in every direction about this campus are needed and needed now. Largely increased salaries for those valiant teachers are needed now, and more teachers are needed now, to care for the growing interests that gather about the dear old school. These teachers, God bless them, for they, without the thought of money, have laboured here with the passion of missionaries and the forecast

of statesmen, have lived practically on bread and water, to hold up in Texas and in Baylor's life the highest ideals both for church and for state. In the next ten years, my fellow-students, Baylor should have several million dollars of endowment. Let us do our utmost to provide it.

Happy are we who live elsewhere than in this favoured Waco community to pay tribute to Waco, the habitat of this noble school. I would remind you, my fellow citizens of Waco, that every time the word reaches us that you are counselling and working for the betterment of Baylor, a thrill of gratitude stirs in all our hearts. Our joyful belief is that this central city of the State, this Athens of our commonwealth, will see to it that Baylor's cry and call are forever heeded by all the ranks and classes and callings in Waco's noble citizenship. And I would remind you that a hundred miles away, yonder in the good city of Dallas, where Baylor has her several scientific schools, in that chief city of the Southwest—I suppose no living man would dare say otherwise—that virile city joins hands with Waco and says: "Let us all see to it that Baylor's scientific schools, side by side with her other schools, shall keep step in the passing years in that way that will make for the highest human good and for the glory of God."

Let the denomination charged primarily with the care of this institution give her all the support that such an institution demands. Let the denomination put heart and prayer and love and gifts and life into the institution, without ceasing, and she shall have oc-

casion to reap from her sowing in ten thousand blessed ways.

Happy am I to speak congratulatory words from the old Baylor men and women to the new Baylor men and women, to the army that shall be welcomed this day into our happy Baylor family. My fellow-students of the later days, you have come to the most critical and challenging days that civilisation ever saw, to the most spacious and responsible hours that men and women have ever faced. You will need to keep your ideals before you clearly, and you will need to have your lives faithfully linked with the Great Teacher and Saviour and Master of men, with all trustfulness and devotion, if you meet the incomparable days that now challenge you. Changes of every kind are coming with almost lightning-like rapidity, changes social, commercial, industrial, political, governmental, educational, moral and religious. The World War has changed the educational centre of the world. No longer is the educational centre of the world to stay in Europe, where through the centuries such centre has been. But now and henceforth, the educational centre of the world is to be in our free and glorious America. Let our students of colleges of yesterday and those of to-day see to it that these institutions are crowned and carried forward with all those ideals and principles that make for the highest and best for humanity everywhere. As of old, Pericles of Athens used to summon the young men about him and take them to the graves of the mighty dead and there pledge them that they would be true to the memories and deeds of their fathers,

even so let the Baylor men and women of yesterday and to-day here gathered at the old mother's shrine pledge one another, and pledge Baylor anew, that for all the days to come, Baylor and Texas and the church and the state and the home shall have our best loyalty and service.

"Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's faith,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!"

THE END

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